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Staccato.

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"A guid new year to ane and a',
And mony may ye see,
And durin' a' the years to come,
Oh, happy may ye be."

THIS hearty Scottish greeting will welcome the visitors to the Grand Scottish Carnival with which the year is ushered in at Edinburgh.

THE Carnival is kept up for a week, and the Waverley Market, big as it is, can hardly hold the crowds that gather. It is a National Festival: the five-and-twenty pipers of the ballad are there, the band of fiddlers—venture not to call them "violinists"—play the reels of Neil Gow with Northern vigour, the lithe Highlander springs this way and that over the crossed swords. There are songs too, songs of "the year that's awa'," songs of "the lassie with the lint-white locks," songs of love and songs of war. We can plainly see that the spirit of the "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" is not dead yet, but the proud Southerner (in the person of Dan Godfrey) has come on a different errand this time, and meets with a different reception.

THE Scotch have a strong love for their ancient national music. The working-classes who in London crowd the music-halls, regularly attend Saturday evening concerts of Scotch music in Edinburgh. The very butcher-boys, who in the Euston Road appear to have been all impressed with the fact that "they're all very fine and large," would whistle in the Canongate "The bluebells of Scotland," or "Duncan Gray cam' here to woo."

ANOTHER noise for the exhausted City man in his suburban retreat. It is bad enough that the love-sick engine-driver should regularly perform a fantasia on the steam-whistle as his train passes the window of his Dulcinea. But for sheer atrocity the Waits have it. You awake with a start at half-past two in the morning to hear—a German band blurring out the "See-Saw" waltz in as many keys as there are instruments. Sir Charles Warren has muzzled the dogs and the Socialists. Why not take the Waits in hand?

THE battle for Liszt's mortal remains appears to be settled at last. Cardinal Haynald, the President of the Committee at Buda-Pesth, has received a letter from Mme. Wagner, in which she appeals to the will of God, as shown in the death of Liszt at Bayreuth, and decides accordingly in favour of that place.

LISZT's posthumous Musical Portraits promise to be very interesting. They represent seven of his intimate friends—Count Batthyany, Franz Deak, Baron Cötvös, Alexander Petöfi, Count Szechenyi, Michael Vörösmarthy, and Michel Mosonyi. It is said that Schumann, when seven years of age, used to amuse his playmates by photographing their characters on the piano.

RICCI, the tragedian who played in Italian with a London company playing in English, was fair

game for *Punch* a year or two ago. But this was nothing to a recent performance of "Aida" at Buda-Pesth. The trio at the beginning of the first act was sung in three languages: Aida (Mme. Arkel), sang in Polish; Amneris (Mlle. Steinbach), in Italian; and Rhadamès (M. Perotti), in Hungarian.

HERR OTTO MIGGE, a violin maker in Coblenz, has organized a curious concert. He invited two violinists from the Conservatorium at Cologne to make a public trial of the respective merits of Stradivari and Otto Migge as violin makers. Some pieces were played on the old and some on the new violins, and in one or two pieces an additional contrast was arranged by a change of violins every few bars. Otto Migge is said to have come out of the contest with flying colours.

PRINCE KOMATSU, the uncle of the Mikado of Japan, has been at the Savoy to see his nephew's representative in England. He was heard to remark (in a whisper, unheard by Princess Komatsu) that he wished he were a young man again, that he might marry Yum-Yum.

GREAT things are expected of Mr. Corder's new opera, "Nordisa," which Mr. Carl Rosa has taken in hand, and the Continental papers are kind enough to give a patronizing notice. The scene is in Norway, and there is some talk of introducing dancing bears in a ballet to give local colour!

THE eccentric Von Bülow has got himself into hot water again. He was pleased with his reception at a concert in Prague, and made some very complimentary remarks on the Bohemians, which were ill received by the inhabitants of the neighbouring Saxony. When he appeared at a concert in Dresden he was met with a storm of hisses and groans, which drowned his playing; and he had to invoke the aid of the *gendarmérie* before his concert could be proceeded with.

SIMILAR disturbances ensued at Chemnitz, and his concert at Posen was interdicted by the police, who feared that it would be made the subject of an anti-German demonstration by the Poles.

THIS is an unpleasant degradation of music to the level of politics. Music is an universal language, and, where music is concerned, the controversies of the nations should be forgotten.

DR. FRANZ MUNCKER, an extra-mural teacher of the University of Munich, has commenced a course of lectures on the writings of Richard Wagner. A classic already!

MUSIC is spreading to the uttermost parts of the earth. "Lohengrin" has just been performed at Buenos Ayres; and the Hungarian violinist, Reményi, is giving concerts at Yokohama.

A SUBURBAN printer has distinguished himself by entering in a programme a Contento for violin with pianoforte accompaniment. One movement of this new form of music was entitled *Allegro Molto appassionato*.

THERE is still hope for the lovers of opera in London. The Telephone Company of Lisbon are said to have established a Telephone Exchange in connection with the Opera-house! May we not some day have a telephone to London from the Opera-house in Berlin? This certainly seems our only chance.

IT is satisfactory to note that the practice of giving concerts specially devoted to the music of particular composers seems to be gaining ground. It should have an educative influence, and produce a greater concentration of attention on the part of the audience.

AT a concert recently given in Paris the first part was devoted to Bizet, and the second to Beethoven. And now the pianist, Karl Pohl of Riga, is going to play all the Sonatas of Beethoven in a series of eight recitals. It should be stated, however, that in this he is only following the example of Charles Halle.

SOME time ago two enthusiastic young musicians in the Northern town of Portobello thought they would help to regenerate the British workman by playing a pianoforte duet at a Penny Reading. Coming out, one of the enthusiastic young musicians overheard the following dialogue between two representatives of the British workman. "Weel, Jock, hoo did ye like the concert?" "No sae bad, if it hadna' been for thae twa wee snipes at the pianny." But virtue is its own reward.

THE resources of the scenic artist must be heavily taxed to give a representation of the Deluge! Yet this is the chief scene in the opera of "Noah" (left unfinished by Halévy, and completed by Bizet), which is now making the tour of Europe.

HAPPY is the composer who is his own manager. Such is Herr Victor Nessler, director of the Opera in Leipzig. His enormously successful operas, "The Piper of Hamelin" and "The Trumpeter of Säckingen," have now been followed by a third—"Otto der Schütz."

ONE of the most interesting events of the operatic season has been the production of Goldmark's new opera, "Merlin the Enchanter," at Vienna. The story of Merlin and Viviane is one of the most fascinating in the cycle of Arthurian legend. The subject is such as Wagner might have chosen, and we hear that the music is Wagnerian in style.

WOOLWICH may be proud of its bandmaster. The well-known M. Zavertal of the Artillery, who is a native of Bohemia, has written an opera, entitled "Myrrha," which has been produced with great success at the National Theatre of Prague.

OPERA is an expensive form of entertainment. A supplementary estimate for £10,000 has been brought before the Hungarian House of Commons in aid of the National Theatre at Buda-Pesth, which has to meet a deficit. And the Opera-house at Madrid has fallen into similar difficulties.



It is no wonder that the balance should be on the wrong side in Madrid. The tenor, Gayarre, has been engaged for fifty performances, and is receiving £280 for each performance. A few years ago Gayarre was singing at the Zarzuela Theatre, where he earned, not £280 a night, but 3s. 6d.!

Who will say that Americans are not generous? During a recent performance of "Lucrezia Borgia," at Kingstown in the United States, the prima donna refused to sing another note until her salary had been paid. The manager's entreaties were in vain, and he had at last to come forward and lay the case before the audience. The result was a collection, which was handed over to the prima donna, and the performance was then continued. Our medical students were not so complaisant on the memorable night of the *fiasco* at Her Majesty's in April last.

The good citizens of Catania in Sicily have just inaugurated a new theatre, called the "National." The first performance at this national theatre was a French comic opera.

A GOVERNMENT COMMISSION has been appointed in Paris to deal with the Pension Fund of the National Opera. The Opera is a department of the Civil Service in France, like the Admiralty or the Post Office.

The *Secolo* of Milan has collected statistics which show that the most popular operas of the season in Italy have been "Carmen," "Mignon," "The Pearl-Fishers," and "Flora Mirabilis." Curiously, three of these are by Frenchmen, while one only, "Flora Mirabilis," is the work of an Italian.

The People's Palace controversy has been settled in the best way by a compromise. The Beaumont Trustees have given way on the Temperance question and will not apply for a licence, but they are determined not to stultify themselves by closing the Palace of the People on Sunday, when the doors of the gin-palace are wide open.

THERE is to be a Palace in the West End too. The Albert Hall shareholders are tired of making good an annual deficit of £4000. They now propose a scheme under which it is hoped that the Hall will become a centre of popular recreation. Two small theatres are to be built in connection with it, and the grounds with which four years of exhibitions have made us familiar, are to be leased from the Crown. And, why not? The late exhibitions have completely disposed of the old bogey of climate. We should sadly miss the *al fresco* delights of South Kensington, and we are glad to hear that there is some prospect of their continuance. Only the directors will have to see that the finest concert-hall in the world does not become a glorified music-hall, and the gardens a second Cremorne.

"THE largest school of music in Europe." This was the highest praise that the Lord Mayor could find for the new Guildhall School on the Embankment at the opening ceremony. But how many of the 2503 pupils are likely to do any good to themselves or to others? A thorough education can, of course, be obtained at the School, but how many of the 2503 have the ability or the energy to assimilate it? In Paris, admission to the Conservatoire is regulated by a stringent examination, which sifts the chaff from the wheat. Their aim is to make the Conservatoire, not the largest school of music in Europe, but the best.

DR. BRADLEY is to be congratulated on his wise liberality in granting the use of Westminster Abbey for the concert on behalf of the Royal Society of Musicians. It was fitting that so good an object should receive the sanction of religion.

Last year this society distributed £3400 among musicians in distress, or their widows.

THE encore system has been pushed to an absurdity. The audience who listened to the "Redemption" at the Albert Hall, on the 15th of December, actually encored the Ascension.

THE Pope, who is a great admirer of Gounod, has invited him to Rome to set to music some hymns of Papal composition. It is said that the Pope once tried to write words for the Church music in "Faust," but found it too stagey. We hope that Gounod will not find the Pope's words too churchy.

HERR NICOLAUS OESTERHEIM will open a Wagner Museum in Vienna next April, which is to contain several thousand materials, literary and musical, for the study of the musical Prophet and his works!

THE Consistorium of the province of Silesia has passed a resolution that future candidates for holy orders must give satisfactory proof that they have devoted themselves to the study of music to the best of their ability. This seems worthy of imitation nearer home.

Two hundred thousand pianofortes are made every year. What then becomes of the old ones? 73,000 are made in Germany, 45,000 in England, 42,000 in the United States, 20,000 in France, and the remainder in Canada.

The director of the Opera in Vienna has issued an edict putting a stop to the bouquet nuisance. Bravo! But how about the *claque*? Is this the first step to its suppression?

Musical life in London.

THE first place in the record of London music during the past month must be given to "The Golden Legend," "The Story of Sayid," and "The Revenge," all of which have been performed at the Novello Concerts in St. James's Hall; "The Golden Legend" having also been given at the Royal Albert Hall and Crystal Palace. The analysis given in this Magazine on their first production at the Leeds Festival of these works, renders unnecessary any detailed criticism of their structural features: suffice to say the Leeds verdict has in each case been emphatically repeated by a London jury. Perhaps the most charming music is to be found in "The Golden Legend," and certainly the subject (how curiously these stories, with the devil in them, attract people!) was the best suited for musical treatment; but some of Dr. Mackenzie's finest work is to be found in "The Story of Sayid," and it will be a marvel if, with its splendidly picturesque music, its rich orchestration and wonderfully dramatic solos and chorus, the latter work does not run the former very close in the race for popularity. The soloists have been the same as at Leeds, with this exception, that in "The Golden Legend" at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Watkin Mills took Mr. Frederick King's place as Lucifer, and gained golden opinions by his vigorous declamation. Mme. Albani has not been in good voice during the month, but the almost ultra-earnestness she puts into everything she does seems to atone with the public for all her very noticeable shortcomings in the matter of *tremolo* and pronunciation.

THE London Symphony Concerts are making a bold bid for public favour, and whether eventually they reach success or not, "at least they will have

deserved it." The first concert showed that in Mr. George Henschel the right man had been secured as conductor—the small objections to his style, such as a rather indefinite beat and the hazardous practice he had adopted of conducting without the book, being such as a little more experience and acceptance of his friends' advice will probably remove. Brahms's genial and vigorous No. 2 Symphony was what some people call the *pièce de resistance*, and besides that we had Beethoven's Triple Concerto—piano, Mme. Haas, violin, Herr Gompertz, 'cello, Signor Piatti—rather a curiosity than a work one would wish to hear again; and the Festival music from Mackenzie's "Troubadour," which last was most welcome to those who had not heard the lugubrious opera of which it formed a part. At the second concert, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony was given, and a novelty by Mr. F. Corder, "Evening by the Seashore." The latter was in the uncommon time of five crotchets to the bar, and the composer can hardly be said to have been very successful under the unnecessarily hampering conditions he had imposed on himself. Miss Fanny Davies played Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto at this concert. At the third, Rubinstein's new Symphony, which proved to be terribly dull and uninteresting, was produced for the first time in England; and Miss Emily Shiener played Beethoven's Violin Concerto in a way that won warmest approval. At the fourth, the novelties were Hans Huber's Concerto, played by Miss Zimmermann, a bright and clever work that greatly pleased the audience; and Dr. Hubert Parry's symphonic Suite, first produced at the last Gloucester Festival, perhaps the most intelligible, melodious, and thoroughly successful work yet given us by this learned and highly gifted native composer.

At the Crystal Palace, Berlioz's "Infancy of Christ," a work strangely neglected in this country, has been given, with Miss Mary Davies, Mr. Henry Piercy, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Robert Hilton in the principal parts. Some of Berlioz's most charming inspirations are to be found here, as witness the "Farewell of the Shepherds," and the "Repose of the Holy Family." The other choral work of the month, referred to elsewhere, was "The Golden Legend." At this, the crush at the doors was something unprecedented, and many were turned away from want of room. Of the other concerts there is little very important to be noticed. A new orchestral "Fantasia," by a well-known musician resident in London, Mr. F. Praeger, was given on the 3rd. It opens well with a bold, martial strain, but soon begins to drag; the ideas become confused and uninteresting, and when at last it terminates in mournful tones (probably emblematic of a life's close), the listener does not grieve very intensely. At this concert, Pau Ondricek, the Bohemian violinist, played Beethoven's Concerto and some solos in masterly fashion. There can be no doubt that in his line he is near the top of the tree—although I was amused to hear the other day that after he played at one of Halle's Concerts recently in Manchester, a local critic gave him the kindly encouragement that "provided he persevered with his studies, he might come to something!"

THE Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts have been pursuing their usual pre-Noël course,—i.e., not presenting any very striking features for comment. Schubert's magnificent Octett, which, besides being the longest piece of chamber music known is also one of the finest, has been twice performed, drawing large audiences on both occasions. Mme. Neruda has "led" at all the concerts but one, when her place was taken by Herr Strauss. The pianists have been Miss Fanny Davies, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mlle. Kleeberg, Miss Wurms (a formidable lady contingent!), and Mr. Max Pauer. Signor Bottesini has appeared at several concerts, and besides performing his astonishing feats on the unwieldy double-bass, he has rendered

valuable service, like the accomplished artist that he is, by joining in the concerted music. Signor Piatti's cello solos, his own "Bergamasco," "Canto Religioso," and other pieces, have also greatly delighted the audiences, which, for all their classical training, dearly like show-pieces on occasion.

...

THE BACH CHOIR gave their first concert of the season on the 13th. This Society, which is wisely not confining itself to the works of the great composer whose name it bears, specially devotes itself to vocal works which—how shall I express it?—from their abstruseness or *rococo* style are outside the circle of what we consider popular music. And there can be no doubt that excellent service has been done by the Bach Choir in this way, while the admirable singing of so many accomplished amateurs, under the direction of Dr. Villiers Stanford, makes their concerts not only instructive but delightful. At the first one a fine motett by G. C. Bach (cousin of the Bach), written in the grand old solid style, an "Alleluia" by Anerio, a forgotten Italian composer, two lovely old Hymns, "Es ist ein Ros" and "In dulci jubilo," besides four part-songs by Gibbons, Dowland, Morley, Walmisley, and others, and Wesley's noble anthem, "Thou shalt keep him," were given. The concert also included Handel's Sonata in A, nicely played on the violin by Miss Lucy Stone, and some interesting old English pianoforte pieces performed by Mr. Fuller Maitland.

...

To other concerts of the month I can only, as usual, briefly refer. Mr. Sidney Shaw, a young gentleman who, I understand, studied for some time at Leipsic, produced an oratorio, "Gethsemane," at St. James' Hall, with Miss Clara Perry, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Walter Clifford as soloists. This work is planned on the most gigantic scale—something like the epics of a young poet often are—and with occasional glimpses of what indicates real talent, the general impression produced was one of painful crudeness. Herr Feiniger gave a very pleasant afternoon concert at Prince's Hall, in which the distinguished French composer, M. Saint-Saëns, took part, and the whole programme was devoted to M. Saint-Saëns' works. Of these, a quartet, a septet for trumpet, violins, &c., and piano, and a duet for piano and violin, were perhaps the best. Herr Feiniger again showed himself one of our best and most conscientious violinists, and M. Saint-Saëns' pianoforte playing exhibited all the finest qualities of the master of his art, technical and imaginative. Mlle. Kleeberg, one of our most brilliant young pianists, has been giving two very interesting recitals. The Sacred Harmonic Society have performed "The Messiah" and "Judas Maccabeus," but in neither was the singing of principals or chorus in every respect as satisfactory as it might have been.—J. J. B.

Nachstück.

All the tender lights that play
In the curl of the lifting wave,
Have faded now and died away,
And the day has gone to his grave.
Down dark shores the wind creeps on,
With a voice like a soul in pain:
Seas are grey and skies are wan,
With the promise of coming rain.

Out to thee thro' gathering gloom
Forth fareth my heart like a bird.
How should Love in living tomb
Cry out and yet never be heard?
Lights are lit, but not for me,—
On shore and on sea they burn;
"Fool!"—night voices hiss and flee,
"To thy deepened despair return!"

M. E. G.

Musical Vignettes.

II.—ORATORIO.

By REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A., Author of
"Music and Morals."

—*—

"YES! Aurelia," I said, "that was the most wonderful performance of the 'Elijah' that I ever heard. The sacred Harmonic Chorus had not become superannuated (as it was before its late weeding and reconstruction), Costa was in his prime; the 'Elijah' itself had not been heard quite so often as it has been since; Schumann and Schubert's orchestral works were just beginning to be listened to in England; Liszt was sniffed at, and Wagner talked of as an eccentric charlatan of no great account; but it was *par excellence* the Mendelssohn Epoch. Somewhere between 1856 and 66—you were not born then"—I paused. "Oh," exclaimed the young girl, "how envious you make me feel! But I have heard the 'Elijah' since at the Crystal Palace and the Albert Hall."

"No doubt, but for all that you will not hear it as I heard it; there were men in the orchestra who had played under Mendelssohn—Lazarus the great clarinet player is almost the only survival now (1887)—Costa, Italian though he was, had the true Mendelssohn tradition. There were those in the band and chorus, ay, and in the audience too, who had been present on that memorable morning, August 26th, 1846, when Mendelssohn stepped into the conductor's desk at Birmingham and was greeted by a wild burst of applause from the densely crowded assembly—the sun at that moment breaking out and irradiating his beautiful face as he turned round in acknowledgment of the enthusiastic welcome."

Here Alexis joined us as we were walking by the sea-shore about sunset. The air was still warm, the wavelets seemed hardly to break the summer silence.

"You speak of Mendelssohn," he said.

"Nay, rather of Costa, and his sympathetic understanding of Mendelssohn's masterpiece the 'Elijah.'"

"That night we were together, mere boys at Exeter Hall—we, who had just finished reading 'Charles Auchester,' that thinly veiled romance in which Mendelssohn is spoken of as the *Chevalier*. How well I remember the almost mystical impression that we both received as the overture broke into the first chorus, as though the spirit of the beloved master himself were present with band and chorus, and possessed the conductor."

"Such triumphs, Alexis, are not repeated; from beginning to end of each part the spell was never broken; the great drama moved on with intense fervour, and the vocal quartettes seemed simply lifted up into heaven. Can you recall the overpowering effect of the double quartette, 'For He shall give his angels charge over thee?'"

"That," said Alexis, "can I never hear now without feeling as if the skies had rolled asunder, and the bright choirs were seen ascending and descending, and the tears of a blessed ecstasy come into my eyes."

"I would I had been there," said Aurelia, softly.

"Is not the Oratorio Hall a strange place? neither concert-room nor theatre nor cathedral, yet we receive there emotions more dramatic than the stage—more lyrical than the concert—and sometimes more devout than the Church."

"It is a form of Art that has sought its way into its present independent position," I said.

"Can you not tell us how?" asked Aurelia. And as the sun faded out in the mellow twilight, and the lights of the village by the sea began to twinkle in the bay, I dived into the past history of the oratorio, with only an occasional interruption from my friend Alexis and the young girl his sister.

"The oratorio, as its name implies, came from the Church—but it came also, as its name certainly does not imply, from the stage."

"Were not the Church and the stage always far apart, then?" asked Aurelia.

"Anything but—" I replied.

"The Church early saw the necessity of coming to terms with the dramatic instinct, and the Church of Gregory the Great and Innocent III. did nothing by halves—the Catholic Church in her palmy days aimed at being mother, father, friend, ghostly adviser, recreator, and entertainer—she held the keys of both worlds, and held the promise of this life as well as the life to come. She ruled, she was feared, she was adored, she was the friend of the masses. Her aisles were refuges, her vestibules were schools, her altars were asylums, her walls flamed with parables, her windows with allegory, her services were full of terror and joy, her pulpits rang with prophecy, her choirs with praise—men could not do without her, could not keep away from her, Patient, Confessor, Sister of Mercy, Mother of Consolation—"

"Stop," says Alexis, "you were going to tell us about the rise of the oratorio. One thing at a time. Shan't we pull him up, Aurelia, when he flies off at a tangent?"

Aurelia seemed hardly so logically inclined; she loved to hear about the old Catholic Church of the Middle Ages.

"This is my point, Alexis, I am not wandering so much as you imagine. The oratorio grew out of the mysteries, the moralities, and the miracle plays of the Middle Ages. These were rough sacred dramas performed in the churches. Music in those days being in a very rudimentary state, took an altogether subordinate position. You find at Sens and Beauvais in the 12th century, at Leeds and Coventry in the 13th, plays declaimed without any singing; but in 1378 we hear of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, London, petitioning Richard III. to suppress certain dramatic performances outside the cathedral because they had laid out so much money on the costumes and 'properties' for their own 'choristers' who acted the 'Moralities,' accompanied by singing, inside the Cathedral—music and the drama were thus early combined with a very true instinct by the church, and by as true an instinct were they claimed for the service of the sanctuary. In the 15th century there took place 'musical and dramatic performances' of 'Abraham and Isaac his son' (you see the *teaching element, his son*, in the descriptive title), 'Abel and Cain' (the moral element in putting the good man Abel first), 'The Prodigal Son,' a subject since treated by one Arthur Sullivan. The old music to these 'Moralities' was a mixture of the stiff plain chant of the church with the popular chansons of the fair and joust of the period.

"St. Philip Neri, 1595, at Rome, had the genius to grasp firmly for the first time the independent functions of music in the oratory—he vastly developed the 'Laudi spirituali,' and with the rise of modern music under Palestrina, and its rapid development under Monteverde (1550) the directly dramatic interest of what were now called 'oratorios' seems to have rapidly given way to the exciting charms of the newly elaborated sacred art. When you get to Carissimi the sacred cantata has already thrust the drama out of Church. The Church stage, it seems, had vastly abused its privilege in attempting to rival the profane dramas now getting very popular outside. The incessant tumbling of the devil for the amusement of the people seemed scandalous; the coarse jests of his attendants about Adam and Eve and the Blessed Virgin were less and less in the taste of an age already grown critical and sceptical. Then the drama was better done outside. Soon the only dramatic element which remained to the Church was the *symbolic ritual of the Mass*; that 'showing forth (or dramatic representation) of the Lord's death till He come' was indeed the most august and solemn of all Church dramas, the one great miracle play,

the one imposing mystery, the one everlasting morality—"

"Oh!" exclaimed Aurelia, "how beautiful. I never thought of the gorgeous ceremonial of the Mass, with its genuflections, its moving to and fro, its elevations and its prostrations, in that light before. How solemn and impressive it all seems when thought of as a holy drama, re-enacted perpetually by devout believers in a Real Presence!"

"Yet is the Roman Catholic Mass nothing less than that in intention," I continued. "The Church, whilst getting rid of the secular element, had still the genius to consult the dramatic instinct in its ritual, and incorporate into its service the latest born and most emotional of the arts, Music in its entirety."

"But," interposed Alexis, "you have left the oratorio in the Church! The oratorio claims a wide secular realm of homage beyond cathedral aisles."

"I am coming to that, too," I continued. "The sacred cantata was after all but an appendage to an incident in the Church service, a sort of prolonged anthem. There are passages even in the developed oratorios of Bach known as *chorales* which remind us directly of this—the congregation being evidently expected to join in—but with Bach, and above all with Handel, the oratorio already lays claim to an independent existence as a form of art *per se*. The Passion Music of Matthew and John can never be out of place in a church, but they are heard equally well and without offence in a concert hall. From 1720, when Handel sold the score of his first English oratorio, 'Esther,' to the Duke of Chandos for £1000, to Gounod's 'Mors et Vita,' for which a similar sum was given by Novello & Co., art has been enriched by a succession of splendid productions more or less emancipated from ecclesiastical fetters—"

"And what would you place in your musical library as the gems?"

"Handel's 'Messiah,' 'Judas,' and 'Israel,' Haydn's 'Creation,' Mozart's 'Requiem,' Spohr's 'Last Judgment,' Mendelssohn's 'Elijah,' 'St. Paul,' 'Hymn of Praise,' and in the second and third rank—arrange the distribution as you please, I scarcely feel inclined to meddle with so critical a point—Verdi (*pace* the Germans!), and Brahms's 'Requiem,' Rossini's 'Stabat,' Costa's 'Eli,' Gounod's 'Mors et Vita,' and Dvorák's 'Stabat,' Sullivan's 'Light of the World' and 'Prodigal,' Benedict's 'St. Peter,' Macfarren's 'John Baptist'—"

"You need not go on," said Alexis. "We can all remember other oratorios, which do not even reach a third rank, being mere tributes to the fruitful vein, nothing more, copies, shadows, manufactures!"

"Have you the oratorio development clear now?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Alexis.

"Then pray go through it briefly in catalogue form, for my sake," interposed Aurelia.

"First, the drama in the Church; 2nd, the drama taken with music and a makeweight; 3rd, drama, gradually swamped with songs, recitative and chorus; 4th, drama withdrawn from Church, seeking freer developments outside; 5th, increasing elaboration of Mass, and dramatic Church functions, and growing isolation of the sacred cantata; and 6th, the sacred cantata steps out of Church and stands alone as an independent form of artistic creation."

"Would you call the sacred cantata the same thing as an oratorio?" asked Aurelia.

"It is hardly necessary to quibble about names, but we should distinguish, I think, between things: the oratorio seems to me of three kinds, the lyrical, the dramatic, and the mixed oratorio. The *lyrical* oratorio inclines to the contemplative song and descriptive chorus—such is Mozart's 'Requiem' and Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise.' The *dramatic* oratorio inclines to recitative, declamation, aria, and dramatic chorus—such are 'Judas Maccabeus,'

'Israel,' and 'Elijah,' whilst the *mixed* oratorio finds its highest type in the 'Messiah' where, after the exhaustion of the dramatic elements in the first two parts, a third, purely theological, abounds in the finest lyrical and choral writing not unmingled with such startling dramatic bursts as the 'Trumpet shall sound.' Handel is the giant always; there is something great and elemental about him. The inspirations of his soul are like the Sea and Space and Time. His music seems full of the great voices of Life and Death and Eternity; his oratorios are the deep tone poems of Human Destiny; others have followed him, but none have equalled him in a certain breadth of outline and simplicity and grandeur of conception, which lends itself to performances on a colossal scale like those of the great Handel Festivals at Sydenham. Even Mendelssohn is dwarfed upon that stage: Handel alone is equal to the situation."

"I remember," broke in Alexis, "assisting at a Handel Festival, when, in one of those solemn pauses which occur in the 'Hallelujah,' and some other of the Handelian choruses, a thunderstorm burst over the middle transept, and a deafening peal rolled through the solemn bar's rest. When the orchestra resumed its own melodious thunder at the close the music did not seem out of place."

"Yes, you are right, Handel is elemental; he can write up to the thunder, on occasion."

"I think, then," said Alexis, rising, as the night wind came up cool from the sea, and Aurelia wrapped her shawl more closely about her neck—"I think we have now placed the oratorio in its true relations with the Church, the Stage, and the Concert-room. It seems to have a very distinct and special place in modern art."

"Its position is altogether peculiar, I had almost said English, for in England only are the great oratorios truly rendered, apart from religious adjuncts; indeed, the greatest oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn were written with a view to England, and here alone they have achieved lasting fame and popularity. Something in the oratorio form commends itself to us as a people, who look a little askance on the drama and take our pleasures sadly, not objecting, however, to Elijah in a black tail-coat and angels in crinoline. The oratorio stands between the concert-room and the stage, just looking into the Church. It is not exactly hymnal and devotional, yet it is full of praise and meditation. It is not theatrical and stagey, yet highly scenic and dramatic. It is not a Mass, or necessarily part of a religious function, yet it is heard appropriately enough in our ancient cathedrals. It is the palm branch offered by the Church to the ballad-singer on the one side, and the actor on the other. The oratorio is in the best and highest sense the meeting-ground and common platform of the Church and the World!"

Said Aurelia: "I may not be able to explain exactly what passed through my mind as you spoke of the Oratorio, and Church, and Stage; and I certainly do not feel that all stage moods are fit for the Church, but there is always something to me religious about deep feeling, and that is at all events common to the Stage and the Church. Both seem indeed to meet in an oratorio like the 'Elijah.' If the oratorio sprang out of the Stage, and the Stage-play itself broke loose from the Church, may not the Oratorio developed dramatically prove the reconciliation of the two?"

"It has," I replied.

"How?" said Alexis, with that *souppon* of American idiom which occasionally crept into his speech.

"In Wagner's 'Parsifal'!"

H. A. HAWES.



Annette Essipoff- Leschetitzky.

LA MARA.

It is not so very many years ago that the world began to take notice of the peculiar musical talent of the Russian nation. The cultivation of music in the land of the Cæsars cannot yet boast of a long past; it owes its young existence chiefly to the labours of two energetic artists who, by their incomparable teaching and example, turned this artistically sterile soil into a field of rich produce.

The obligations under which the Russian nation lies to Adolphe Henselt and Anton Rubinstein, are very great. At the present time better performers on the pianoforte are to be found in Russia than even in Germany, and several of the most talented and original composers of our day are of Russian origin. It is curious to see how the most sensitive of arts thrives in the land of dynamite and nihilism, and sends forth its disciples to distant countries as living proofs of its prosperity.

Of all the lady-pianists who are spreading Russia's musical fame, no name is better known than that of Annette Essipoff-Leschetitzky. The Old world and the New have witnessed her artistic triumphs, although she has only been before the public since 1872. Her success was assured wherever she appeared, and she became at once famous all over the world.

The 12th of February 1851, or the 31st of January according to the Russian calendar, was Annette Essipoff's birthday. She was born in St. Petersburg. Her father was Imperial Councillor; he was the only member of the family who was very fond of music, although he could not be called really musical. Neither the mother nor the three other children showed any talent nor anything beyond the liking for music, which is a characteristic of all Russians. The father did not fail to have the child instructed in the elements of music when he discovered that his daughter, who was then six or seven years old, possessed an excellent ear and memory for music. The results of her first studies under Wiespolsky were not very startling. The little Annette simply played for her and her father's amusement. Her talent, however, showed itself soon to a larger audience. She happened to be present at a little public concert, at the conclusion of which, and after the departure of the greater part of the audience, she went to the piano and played the piece which she had just heard with such ability, that the people gathered admiringly round her, and strongly advised her father to cultivate seriously the talent of his daughter. This was not done immediately. She was sent, together with her elder sister, to a boarding-school, where she received in the meanwhile instruction in various sciences and acquired the knowledge of the French language. But as financial cares began to press the family, she was obliged to leave school before her education was completed.

The musical talent of the girl, then eleven or twelve years old, was now allowed to grow without restraint. She became the spoilt darling of the aristocracy on account of her pleasing exterior and her innate gracefulness. She would play whatever came to hand to amuse others, thereby acquiring that astounding gift for playing at sight which she possesses to a greater degree of perfection than any of her colleagues, and in which she rivals the most eminent artists. The technical part of her studies—what is commonly called "school"—was neglected, as well as the intellectual; and this was still more the case when her father—the only one in the family who had any influence over her—was attacked by a long and wearisome illness,

and the child was left almost entirely to herself. She pursued her music without special aim or plan. Being also gifted with a nice bright and clear soprano voice, she sang and played what and wherever she was asked. One day she would sing Russian romances, another she would play the whole of Gounod's "Faust" by ear; then again a piece of a rhapsody by Liszt which happened to have caught her ear, and in between, one, or rather very many, waltzes and polkas by Strauss—a medley of music just as it suited her; and there was great danger that she would never be anything more than an amateur. A rich merchant, named Utin, who heard the gifted young pianist, fortunately offered to take upon himself the costs of a course of study at the Conservatoire of St. Petersburg, which had been opened a few years before. Annette's father joyfully accepted this noble offer, and Annette entered the Conservatoire on the 1st of September 1863. She was placed at first in the preparatory class of Villoing, but after a few months she had already passed into that of Carl van Ark, formerly a pupil of Leschetitzky. The latter, who afterwards became her husband, at once recognized her eminent talent. But the talented pupil caused her teachers much trouble. Poor Van Ark found the task of instructing her no pleasant one, and he had often to complain to his former master about the difficulty he had to persuade his obstinate pupil to study whatever she needed most.

Leschetitzky was soon able to convince himself as to the justice of these complaints. Whilst giving a lesson at the Conservatoire, he was disturbed by a terrific thundering on a piano in the next room. He went in to lecture the delinquent. And who was it? "Nobody," as he relates himself, "but Miss Annette Essipoff, who, surrounded by an admiring circle of fellow-students, was hammering away, through thick and thin, at the well-known sixth octave-rhapsody by Liszt, although she could not yet play even the C major scale in a very brilliant manner. Needless to say that I severely reprimanded the little sinner. It was the first but by no means the last time, and I cannot say that I made a very lasting impression."

At this time the young Annette began to sing in the chorus of the Russian Society of Music, both in the practices and in the concerts. Her bright, penetrating voice could easily be heard above the rest of the sopranos, who found in her a valuable leader, thanks to her musical gifts and excellent ear. Anton Rubinstein, then the head of the Conservatoire and conductor of the concerts of the above-mentioned society, even told Leschetitzky that he considered the girl more qualified to become a singer than a pianist. This opinion was not shared by the latter, because, as he said, "I could not discover that charm in her voice which is indispensable to a singer of the first order; for I did not like the idea that the little witch should ever become an artist of secondary rank."

In the beginning of 1866, Leschetitzky took Annette into his own class, after she had passed an examination in the preparatory class and was able to show "sufficient progress in touch and technique." It is true she did not take her studies very seriously, and "the greatest severity was necessary to make her play even the smallest piece correctly, and to accustom her to restrain herself. The classical composers she held in abomination." During her lessons she was almost taciturn, and did not show the least signs of ambition when blamed. The more quiet and passive she showed herself with her master, the more mad and ungovernable she was with her fellow-students, as soon as she felt or thought herself unobserved.

The intellectually slow and the pupils without talent had to suffer much from her love of teasing. She knew, however, how to make herself respected so that not one dared betray her. Her progress was so rapid that she had a great success at the first annual examination with one of Beethoven's early Sonatas. This greatly influenced her future career, as it won for her the lively interest of the Grand

Duchess Hélène, who was present on this occasion in her quality of President of the Russian Society of Music and patron of the Conservatoire. She asked Leschetitzky very particularly about his new pupil, and requested him to show her his final opinion as entered in the usual examination-lists. It was expressed in these characteristic words: "This girl has the devil in her; she may become a great artist if it were possible to bring her to order."

Ever after this occasion Annette enjoyed the sympathy of this noble lady. She even sent Annette, when the third annual examination had confirmed Leschetitzky's opinion, in the summer of 1869, to Ischl, the usual holiday-resort of her master, who had complained that Annette always lost much during his absence, as her surroundings were totally unmusical, her father having died in the meanwhile. Surrounded by magnificent mountain scenery, removed from mean family cares, influenced only by the great artist, she profited intellectually and bodily. During this period a feeling of warm friendship and love for the man to whom she owed so much began to gain ground in her heart, always considered so cold. Her whole attitude towards him changed for the better. Her young talent now developed so quickly that before the autumn had passed, Leschetitzky could venture to let her take his place in a concert of the Salzburg Mozarteum, in which he had been asked to play. Here she gained her first great public success in the presence of her noble patron, the Grand Duchess Hélène. She played Chopin's E minor concerto, her master conducting. This success was soon followed by another one when, after her return to St. Petersburg, she played Beethoven's G major concerto in a grand subscription concert of the Russian Society of Music. The honour of this *début* was all the greater as it had never before been enjoyed by any other pupil still attending the Conservatoire.

She passed her final examination on leaving Leschetitzky's class in May 1870, with Mendelssohn's G minor concerto and some self-taught solo pieces. The enthusiasm of both the jury and the audience on this occasion was enormous, and it became still greater when she played an unknown Scherzo by Lakowsky brilliantly at sight, and transposed faultlessly the last movement of Schumann's Quintett, so that the gold medal, never awarded before, was unanimously bestowed upon her. She left the Conservatoire a year later, after having completed the theoretical course in composition, instrumentation, &c., and having studied counterpoint with Zarembo and harmony with Johannsen.

She now went forth into the world. In the summer of 1871 she was heard in Baden-Baden for the first time in Germany, after having become the companion for life of the master to whom she owed not only her artist's education, but also the higher and more serious tendency of her character. In January 1872 she undertook her first independent artist-tour, beginning with Brunswick and Hannover. She then was welcomed as a pianistic talent of the first order in Leipzig (where she played in the Gewandhaus and the Euterpe), Berlin, Magdeburg, and Moskau. Already, in November 1871, the following opinion had been expressed in St. Petersburg: "Miss Essipoff possesses all those qualities which distinguish a finished artist;" and in Leipzig and Berlin there was only one opinion about "the manly bravura and power, the 'go' and gracefulness of the artist. In listening to her playing one receives the impression that she concentrates her whole mind and feeling on her play, contrasting favourably with most lady pianists. Her nature does not seem to tolerate anything half-finished and incomplete."

Her quickly won fame was confirmed by further concerts given in Vienna, Pest (1873), where Liszt gave the young performer a most friendly reception, and by frequent tours, in the following years (1874-76), through the Russian provinces, Belgium and Germany. She spent the whole of six months—from October '76 to June '77—in America, where

she appeared in 106 concerts, for which she received 100,000 francs and travelling expenses for herself and escort. After her return she gathered fresh laurels in all the chief towns of Europe.

Her public career was interrupted for some time when Annette fell dangerously ill of typhoid fever in May 1878. Slowly and with difficulty she recovered, and as Leschetitzky also was troubled with repeated attacks of intermittent fever, they decided to leave the unhealthy Russian climate, and to move their home to Vienna, where Leschetitzky had bought in Währing a little villa, in which he intended to spend the summer holidays. He parted from his adopted country with a heavy heart, for here he had lived and worked for many years, and had celebrated his artist's jubilee in December 1877. Here thousands of pupils owed to him their musical education. For Annette also the parting was not easy; but they soon felt at home in their new country, where they settled near that sacred spot where Beethoven and Schubert rest side by side. Vienna did not fail to exercise on them that magnetic attraction which it seems to possess for every musician. It showed its hospitality to the composer Leschetitzky by producing his only opera, "Die erste Faltz," which had been warmly received in Wiesbaden and Mannheim. Nor were opportunities wanting for the pedagogue and virtuoso to utilize his talents. Pupils from all countries gathered about him in his finishing class, and now only this rare pianist became more generally known, for even Annette's executive skill obscured in no way that of her husband and teacher.

In Austria, not less than in Russia, Annette's talent shone forth. Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Russia, England, Italy, Schleswig-Holstein, France, heard and received her as an honoured guest. Since 1880 she visited also Portugal, Sweden, Hungary, Roumania and Denmark, where she had been as yet unknown.

The power and charm of her playing lie not in the detail or the finish of her performance—in these, as in certain technical departments, the shake, octavo-playing, &c., she is surpassed by many of her colleagues—but rather in the completeness and the characteristic conception of her productions. Whatever she plays bears the impress of a certain musician-like individuality, and shows an independent, overflowing nature. She has at her command a full, singing touch, an extraordinary muscular power assisting her small-built hand, a masterly use of the pedal, manly energy of conception and expression. She is fond of sharp contrasts, productive of great wealth of colouring. The composer she favours most is Chopin; he is her "special saint," and next to him Robert Schumann. She is also fond of Weber, and his Concertstück is considered one of her most imposing performances. The composers of the romantic school are as yet more sympathetic to her than the classical giants, Bach and Beethoven. The old organ-hero leaves her cold, and her performance of the E flat major concerto of the greatest of our tone heroes leaves yet much to be desired as far as depth of feeling and grandeur of conception are concerned. Although her play may be wanting in depth and fervour, in spite of all her brilliant *esprit* and an undeniable poetic element, who can say whether she will yet succeed to penetrate into the spirit of our lofty classical master-works? Her Slavonian elasticity and that wonderful gift of assimilation with which nature has endowed her, prove useful when playing music strange to her nature. The fabulous facility with which she learns explains the extent of her repertoire, which is only surpassed by that of Bülow. And yet the young artist has only been before the public for a comparatively short time. She commenced her public career when in her twenty-first year, whilst others—as, for instance, Rubinstein, Clara Schumann, &c.—began in early childhood. The quickness with which she learns a composition for public performance is wonderful. The E minor fugue with the chorale by Mendelssohn she prepared within four hours for public performance (of course played

by heart) in one of her St. Petersburg concerts. A fortnight is generally sufficient to prepare the whole repertoire of one concert, consisting of fourteen to eighteen new pieces. Whilst in America she managed to learn in a few days eighteen pieces by American composers for her two last recitals, although being fully engaged with other concerts. Her husband once had no hesitation in announcing (whilst she was yet on a tour) a Chopin recital to be given by her in St. Petersburg, which contained six compositions—one of them the Trio—which she had never played before, although she would only have four days in which to study them.

In this wonderful quickness of learning she is assisted by a memory and an ear such as one meets but rarely. Being once at a gathering of artists in London, she played with an English musician an orchestral piece of his composing, and arranged by him for four hands, at sight. He complimented her on her excellent reading of the very difficult piece, when she sat down and played without hesitation the whole piece alone. Two years later, Leschetitzky happening to mention this much admired feat, she placed herself at the piano, and played the Scherzo from this composition by memory.

This facility of learning is not confined to music alone. One or two years were sufficient for her to master the German language sufficiently well to be able to read and write it, and this only through intercourse with Leschetitzky and his friends. She studied the English language for two months to prepare herself for her American tour, and after a stay of six months in the United States she returned, having completely mastered the language. She reads much in the four languages with which she is conversant, and her memory retains faithfully whatever attracts her attention, especially poetry. Her conversation is graceful, piquant, and often as dazzling as her playing. She does not care for mathematical sciences—she does not like to count unless music is concerned. She has great talent for instructing, and not in her art alone, for she instructs her two children—a boy and a girl—in everything herself. She is also clever in fancy and household work; her "light hand" proves useful in these also.

Few of her colleagues are gifted as Annette Essipoff is; all of them may well covet the facility with which she learns and performs. But this advantage would prove very dangerous for any one possessing less energy. He to whom Nature spares the toil of hard work is easily led into the temptation to make no serious efforts, and to make light of everything. One has said of Annette Essipoff that she has not lately taken much trouble to enlarge her repertoire, remaining content to rest on her laurels. We have, however, heard her perform, not so very long ago, the F minor concerto by Chopin, in such a poetical and brilliant manner that we could not discover any decline of her great pianistic powers. It would leave room for regret were it otherwise, not for art only, but also for the artist; for the satisfaction and the happiness of the artist lie not in repose, but in unceasing labour and severe and pitiless self-criticism.

"The Day is Dying, Dying."

—:—

I.

*The day is dying, dying,
Away beyond the sea,
And I am sighing, sighing,
For what will never be.*

II.

*To-morrow will come and to-morrow,
With glory on sea and sky,
But I must carry my sorrow
Alone until I die.*

EBENEZER BLACK.

A Russian Violin.

BY HENRI GREVILLE.

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CHAPTER XI.

PARACHA was packing her brother's box, for he started the following day, and while piling up the shirts and pairs of socks, she reflected that this box was much too large. It would do better for her, for women's clothes take much more space than men's, as everyone knows: what was the use of this great trunk, in which the things rolled about!

It was a whim of Demiane's, who had asked his mother for it and she could refuse him nothing. He pretended that it would be more convenient for him to sit upon! What an idea!

She shrugged her shoulders; and, by way of protest against the size of the trunk, rammed the shirts and socks into it with all her might. Paracha was angry with everybody and everything. Why had she brothers? Had she been an only child nothing would have been happier; her two brothers, in coming after her had literally cut the ground from under her feet. And then, this house was so wretched! Her father had never time to trouble about her. Would he not do better to seek her a husband rather than grumble at Demiane all day long?

To grumble at Demiane had in truth become a regular occupation for Father Kouzma, a sort of daily duty of which he acquitted himself with extraordinary aptitude; he reproached himself for not having done it sooner, and made up by the amount of his scoldings for negligence in past times. His son received these sermons with a submission which rather surprised Father Kouzma, accustomed to rebellion, silent rather than active, but easy to guess. Formerly Demiane listened with bent head, scarlet cheeks, and fingers trembling with impatience—the sermon ended he saluted his father, hastily kissed his hand, and hurried away as quickly as possible. Now, he listened to these interminable lectures with an unalterable patience, lifting his eyes to the preacher sometimes with a gentle and interested expression quite unusual; he seemed to be trying to profit as much as possible by these accumulated reproaches and menaces, so much so that more than once his father asked him if he quite understood.

It was because, having resolved to quit his home and to commence a new life, Demiane had a feeling, natural to a mind like his, that he would like to leave behind him good impressions and carry away with him pleasant recollections. He had curbed his malicious spirit and for more than a month his mother and the servant had remarked how little trouble he gave; he was respectful to his parents, affectionate to the humble and poor in the village, as though he wished his absence to be regretted, and that was really what he desired, thinking that these last actions would be remembered after he had gone. He was even amiable and smiling to his sisters, though this was the most difficult of his self-imposed tasks.

One thing that troubled him very much was Victor's continually mournful countenance. Often he declared that his weeping would betray their secret; the poor boy was incapable of restraining himself. The idea of quitting, perhaps for ever, so beloved a home, and such good parents, brought the tears to his eyes and quite unnerved him. If any one had had the faintest suspicion of their project, Victor would have betrayed it a hundred times a day. Happily no one suspected.

While Paracha was regretting the size of the trunk, Demiane had gone to bid M. Roussof good-bye. Now everything was ready for his flight he found it impossible to accomplish it, seeing he and his brothers could only muster between them three troubles. In spite of his confidence in the doctor's

promise, Demiane was much agitated when he entered his study.

"Good-day," said M. Roussof, who was reading the newspaper. "Have you come to bid me good-bye?"

"Yes, sir," replied the youth bravely, encouraged by this tone more than by the words.

"Will you return to the seminary to-morrow?"

"Unless you have decided otherwise, sir."

The doctor commenced to laugh. This way of reminding him of his engagements amused him.

"You have never asked me if I remembered our conversation?" he said in an inquiring tone.

"Why should I, sir! If you remember it, there is no need to speak of it; if you have forgotten it it is useless to remind you of a thing which was not interesting enough to remember."

"Peste! what sophistry! It seems to me that you have made some progress at the seminary! Suppose they send you back?"

"That will be as you wish, sir; it depends entirely upon you," said Demiane, with a resigned air.

"Very well, I have arranged that you can give four lessons a week at Moscow, where one of my friends is anxious that his two sons should learn to play the violin; they will not pay much, fifteen roubles a month for the four lessons; that is not a great deal, but little streams make the large rivers. Besides, you can coach Benjamin for his classes at the Gymnasium, for he is idle as a cuckoo; that will occupy you four or five evenings a week, and I shall also give you fifteen roubles a month; that will make thirty. Do you think you can live on a rouble a day?"

"I do not know, sir; I think so, for I am ready to bear anything. I thank you very much for your kindness, but I think it will be more in Victor's line to assist Benjamin with his lessons, and beg of you to let him do it. I'll seek other work."

"Victor!" exclaimed M. Roussof; "what do you mean! Have you led Victor astray also?"

"Yes, sir," replied Demiane with a slight smile of triumph.

"Then there are two of you; one was not enough. But we only arranged for one! And then, what will your father say?"

"You will tell him, sir, when we have gone, that I took Victor with me as a safeguard, Victor is so good, so kind, so pure, of so noble a mind and so attached to his duties that if he is with me I shall be safe from harm. Victor will give me good advice; he is economical, clever—"

"He will make an excellent housekeeper, I dare say," concluded M. Roussof. "Indeed, it is not a bad idea; but it will be a terrible blow for Father Kouzma!"

"You will soften the bitterness of it to him, sir," said Demiane, modestly. "You will show him that I could not resist an imperious vocation—"

"And I am to be charged with this commission! Tell me, my boy, are you mocking me?"

"If you do not, sir, who should? It is very natural that it should be you, since if you refuse to undertake it he will see immediately that you have helped me."

"In faith, you are clever!" said M. Roussof, surprised at his good sense. "And you say that Victor is cleverer than you? The two of you will turn the world upside down!"

"I hope so!" the young man's proud smile seemed to say, but his lips were silent.

"This changes all my plans," continued the doctor. "I had put twenty-five roubles into this envelope, to carry you to Moscow and to start you; now I must put fifty—here they are; but be economical, for I am not rich."

"It is a loan, sir," replied Demiane, proudly. "I am very grateful to you for being the creditor of a poor fellow like myself, but I shall pay you back as soon as possible."

"As you like, my friend; it is a loan if you prefer it, I have no objection, although that was not my intention; I suppose, however, you do not wish to offer me a note?"

"No, sir, my word is as good as my signature."

"Very well. What a comical boy you are! And your violin, how will you carry that away?"

"That is Victor's part. He has promised to hide it somehow."

"He is commencing his rôle of *femme de ménage* already. You do not lose time, I see. And how will you manage to take him with you?"

"He has asked permission to come with me as far as the diligence. Instead of returning with our horse he will continue the journey with me. The peasant who brings back the cart will bring you a note from me announcing our departure."

"You remind me of Augustus before the battle of Actium! I admire you! In a week we shall meet in Moscow. Go and say good-bye to Benjamin, and do not tell him that Victor will help him to work this winter; he is incapable of keeping a secret more than five minutes. I am charmed that it will be Victor; you would have made but a wretched tutor, while Victor has a talent for it,—talent and patience besides. Good-bye, my boy and a pleasant journey."

When Paracha, who had left the trunk to take a cup of tea, returned to look after it, she was surprised to see that the box seemed to have diminished considerably in size. The garments were just as she had placed them, but they seemed to take up more room. Victor, standing by, leaning against the window, was looking at it in an unconcerned manner.

"What have you poked in there?" asked Paracha, indignant that the thought that her work should have been touched.

"Some pamphlets of divinity that I have lent Demiane, and all my old schoolbooks; there is a good number of them, I have put them underneath so as not to disturb your neat packing."

"It is very wrong of you to encourage his idleness," grumbled Paracha; "he will never die of overwork. Have you nothing else to put in? That is fortunate!"

In this ill-humour, she shut the box with a bang, jingled the lock, and gave the key to Victor.

"There, give it to him, the good-for-nothing. I have other things to do than to trouble about his things all day long."

And she returned to work more agreeable, since it was destined for her own embellishment.

The next day, about noon, after a hasty repast, Demiane approached Father Kouzma to ask his benediction. The cart was before the door, drawn by the priest's horse, and another borrowed for the occasion; the owner of the latter animal would act as coachman until they reached the station where the diligence passed which went to the seminary. Father Kouzma did not intend to scold his son to-day as he had satisfied himself by doing this very thoroughly the day before. He blessed his child and embraced him more tenderly than usual. The young man's excellent behaviour lately had endeared him to his father.

Demiane was very pale; his emotion at this unaccustomed tenderness almost overcame him; he dared not look at his father or his mother, or at Victor, and his project threatened to vanish in smoke, for he was on the point of avowing all and asking pardon, when his father, thinking he had omitted a part of his duty, said to him in a severe tone—

"Remember, no more music!"

"Good-bye, father; good-bye, mother," said Demiane in a steady voice. "Are you coming with me, Victor?"

Victor went to his father to receive a benediction also. The priest, a little surprised, wanted to know the reason of this sudden piety.

"To be like Demiane, father," said the poor boy, ashamed of his fraud, and more miserable than a criminal.

"Be it so," said Father Kouzma, blessing his elder boy. "Do not linger, for night comes so quickly."

"Good-bye," repeated the two boys, already on the threshold.

They mounted the cart, the driver whipped up

the horses, they passed the village boundary, threw a last farewell to the houses behind, and looked at each other, hardly daring to believe in the success of their enterprise.

"Oh!" said Victor, regretfully, "I have forgotten something!"

"What?" asked his brother anxiously; "the violin?"

"No, that is in the box, and we are seated on it. I have forgotten to say good-bye to Paracha."

"Oh! that does not matter much," said Demiane, laughing. "Besides, when one forgets something it is a good sign. It shows that one will return."

The forest, fields, and the dusty road, all passed like a dream, and two hours later the two brothers found themselves on the high road to Moscow, free, and alone!

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning the diligence deposited in the dust of M. our two young travellers, worn out with fatigue and restless from anxiety. If any one should follow these runaways what would become of them? They left the post-station with the air of conspirators—while their fellow-travellers partook of a detestable repast—and they directed their steps towards the monastery.

"Suppose the Father Archimandrite turns us out of doors?" said Victor, always disposed to look at the dark side.

"We will go and see!" replied Demiane. But Victor still remained fearful. Demiane's legs took more rapid strides than Victor could keep up with; seeing this he relaxed his pace and took Victor's arm in his own.

"See," he said, "how fine it is, the sun shines on us; my head is full of songs! All the airs of my violin are dancing in my head!"

They soon reached the monastery, and were received in the "pilgrim's house" by a lay brother with a prepossessing countenance. All monasteries possess a pilgrim's house situated in one of the angles of the quadrangle formed by the monastery buildings. Those who stop at the town and cannot afford to pay at the hotel, the sick and weary, were all received there, provided they had an honest appearance; and according to their social position, they obtained a place in the dormitory, on a pine plank, or in a separate room, as their means allowed. Those who had nothing to eat were fed by the monks; the rest suited their own fancy, buying or preparing their own food. The sick were taken to the monastery hospital and generally cured in a few days, their greatest ill being fatigue.

Demiane wrote on a piece of paper: "Demiane Markof, humble sinner, presents himself before the Father Archimandrite, requesting his blessing," and sent it by a monk into the monastery. Five minutes later the brother returned, laughing in spite of himself, no doubt at what he had just heard.

"This way, young man," he said, opening a door which led into the garden, "you will find the Father Archimandrite at the end of the alley."

Reassured by this smiling welcome which appeared to him a good omen, Demiane led Victor through the weeping beeches already stripped of their leaves, which formed a long avenue conducting to the church, and on a semicircular terrace which commanded a view of the valley of the Bérésina they found Father Arsène.

Demiane approached him slowly; at sight of his judge all his assurance forsook him, and he felt a criminal—not that the old man looked severe, but his clear blue eyes seemed to penetrate so deeply into the young musician's conscience, that he felt, for the first time, the responsibility he had incurred in bringing his brother with him. He would have kissed the monk's hand and received his benediction, but the latter held him at arm's length by a motion of his hand, and the questioning so much dreaded by Victor commenced with some solemnity.

"Where have you come from, young man?"

"From home, your Grace."

"Where are you going?"

"To Moscow."

"With Father Kouzma's permission?"

"Without permission, your Grace."

"Does M. Roussof know?"

"He knows, your Grace; he told me to present his respects to you and to give some messages to his daughter and son-in-law."

Father Arsène thought Demiane showed great presence of mind for his age, and admired his fearlessness at journeying without protection.

"Is that your brother?" said he, looking at Victor, "I think I have seen him at Gradovka."

"Yes, your Grace."

"What is he doing with you?"

"I have begged him to accompany me, so that I should not be alone. Victor is much better and wiser than I am, and his counsel will be useful and helpful to me."

"Hem! it doesn't appear to me that his counsels have much weight with you," said the monk seriously, "for I don't suppose that he has advised this journey, or begged you to bring him."

Demiane hung his head, and Victor, seeing his discomfiture, took up his cause.

"Excuse him, your Grace," he said in a trembling voice, "the poor boy is so unhappy at being forbidden to play any music! He could not help it—We are devoted to each other, your Grace."

The tone of this pleading voice penetrated to the heart of the old monk. He had not forgotten his own youth and the storms which despotism provoked in his heart; he had pity on our friends.

"I shall speak to your father," he said; "but it is on condition that you do not continue your rebellion. You will write to him and say that you are sorry for your fault, that you hope for his pardon, and will humbly submit to his orders."

"But will he not demand our return?" said Demiane.

The Archimandrite suppressed a smile.

"It is too late to return to the seminary," he said; "you are certainly expelled from it by this time."

Demiane almost jumped for joy; his brother perceiving the movement seized his arm; he restrained himself, but his eyes expressed so much joy that Father Arsène could not refrain.

"Little brigand," he said, pinching his ear, "will you be a great artist?"

With a passionate movement, Demiane seized the monk's hand and covered it with kisses.

"That will do, that will do," said the monk drawing away his hand; "you are a sad boy and your Mentor there is not much better. What a wise couple you are! How will you manage to live? What will you eat?"

"We shall have a hard time, probably," said Demiane, who permitted himself two or three gambols, moderated, however, by the sanctity of the place, precincts of a church, and, moreover, as all monastery ground, consecrated. "But you know, Father Arsène, we do not mind that. Would you like me to play you some music?"

"Do you wish to pay me in your own coin, you young rogue?" said the monk, rejuvenated by this youthfulness, whose exuberance reminded him of a time long past when he was a cadet, and climbed the masts of a man-of-war. "Very well, go to Mme. Moutine and tell her that in a quarter of an hour I shall come and see her; and she will have her piano ready."

Mme. Moutine was always ready, and her piano too. She received the fugitives kindly, her father had announced their visit, and Victor could see for himself that she was happy. She was calm as she had always been, but an air of repose and contentment replaced the melancholy of former days. The poor boy felt a sincere joy at the sight of her happiness, and the memory of her disinterested tenderness was something to comfort him in the cold solitary days of the winter which they were about to pass in poverty.

One sonata, two sonatas, and Father Arsène declared that was enough; he engaged the young men to come to evening service, as a little penance, he said—but really he was anxious to see what Demiane would think of his chants, which he had himself arranged with so much care.

The evening approached, and they went to the convent. Outside the door which led into the interminable alley of beeches, the monk showed the young people a fresco painting. It was one of those called the Veil of St. Veronica, the face of Christ on a cloth, held at the two upper corners. A lamp burned before the holy image day and night, permitting one to see it distinctly.

"Look," he said, "is it not a marvel? when the French bombarded the monastery, in 1812, their bullets struck this door, to right and to left, above and below the face of Christ; the cloth is all riddled, some of the shot are still in the wall; the divine face alone was spared."

Demiane looked at the image curiously, while Victor prayed before it.

"Who painted that?" he asked.

"A man who was staying here during the bombardment; he had just finished his work, the paint was hardly dry, when what I have been telling you happened. He thought his work would have been destroyed; but he had not enough faith. He had done other work in the monastery; all the frescoes are by him; and besides these he has painted some curious things on the belvedere at the top of my house. He was a man after your heart," he added, addressing Demiane; "he thought of nothing but painting, and would sooner have laid down his life than the brush."

"You will show me what he has done, Father Arsène, will you not?" said the young man, allowing the indirect reproach to fall, and seizing the interesting fact.

"Yes, Mr. Curiosity, you shall see it all tomorrow. Come and ask God's pardon for your past and present sins; you have enough there to occupy you for a hundred services."

They entered the church, and the young people remained a little behind, while the Archimandrite went to his pontifical throne. The monks, to the number of sixty, perhaps, came two by two and bowed before him; then one gave him incense which he blessed, and suddenly a mysterious grandeur transfigured his face. The young people were amazed to see the majesty which surrounded this man so simple in ordinary life.

The church was lighted only by wax candles and the lamps burning before the images: an almost total darkness reigned in the corners and all round the church, while the dome above was lighted by a vague glimmer, by a sort of luminous vapour produced by the wax and the oil which were slowly being consumed; the fumes of the incense mounted in gilded columns up to the cupola, and on his throne the Archimandrite, lighted by a large candle which a monk held behind him, read the prayers, in a voice extraordinarily sweet and feeble. He pronounced all the sacred words distinctly; his small, white teeth shone now and then through his silver beard which descended to his waist; his face, surrounded by long white silken hairs, seemed to reflect a mysterious light upon the half obscured choir.

Demiane looked at him, hidden in the shadow, and said to himself that this man was truly grand.

All at once the Archimandrite closed the book, the candle was extinguished, and his white face was hidden from sight. A severely solemn psalm sung by ten rich bass voices commenced slowly and softly, and Demiane's heart beat. All that can be expressed in a human soul of ardent supplication, disappointed hopes, mournful resignation, all was found in those simple phrases, short as sobs, modulated as sighs. The tenors took up the major, and their powerful young voices spoke of passionate struggles, of life-long efforts, of strength and youth joined to material labour to overcome aspirations for the future forbidden; then the voices

united in one harmonious whole, and a prayer, humble, penetrating, oft-repeated to touch the clemency of Providence, joined all the suffering and hopes in one effusion of tenderness.

Father Arsène's voice sounded through the twilight, speaking some words of peace; the candle reappeared behind him, while the choir responded; then silence ensued, and he raised his right hand to pronounce the benediction. One by one, the monks, clothed in their trailing robes, and enveloped in long black veils which fell from their heads, came and bowed to the ground before their Superior; then the lamps were extinguished, and Father Arsène found himself alone in the church with his *protégés*.

"Ah!" Demiane said, "those are songs of Paradise!"

The monk imposed silence on him with his hand.

"Demiane," said he, "the night belongs to the Lord."

They went out slowly, penetrated with respect and a feeling of fear for this august man whom, until now, they had thought simply good.

(To be continued.)

Ancient Greek Music.*



A CHANGE in musical style implies a change in the principles on which the State is governed—such is Plato's recognition of the importance of music in ancient Greek life. In every function of life music had its part—music permeated the whole social organism. When the lyre passed round at the banquet, no honest citizen could refuse; for the man who refused was regarded in much the same light as the man is now who is unable to read and write. "Gymnastic for the body and music for the soul," form Plato's ideal of a sound education. In this context Plato takes music in its original sense of a liberal education, *μουσική*, the culture of the Muses. But we know that music in its more restricted sense was carefully studied by every Athenian schoolboy, and, as a result, we find the masses of ancient Athens crowding in their tens of thousands to witness the plays of Aeschylus and Sophocles, in which the finest music of the time was combined with the highest developments of the kindred arts, poetry

* We have to acknowledge our obligations to the interesting "History of Music," by Mr. J. F. Rowbotham, who has kindly permitted us to reproduce the Ancient Greek Air given in the Supplement. The illustrations are taken from an attractive "History of Music," by H. Lavoix, published by the French Administration of Fine Arts.

and dancing. Even stern Sparta unbent some of her rigour in favour of the divine Muse, and music was the crowning glory of the Olympic games, the national festival of the Hellenic race.

What do we know of all this wealth of ancient music? The monuments of Greek architecture can still be seen, and the works of the Greek poet and the Greek historian, scarcely less monumental, have stood the ravages of time. The masterpieces of Greek sculpture, too, can still be appreciated in the faithful copies which a degenerate age reproduced. But the fleeting melodies of ancient Greece have gone, though we may still admire the imperishable words with which they were associated. Nothing has come down to us but one or two hymns and half a dozen treatises on the theory of music. It is as if the musician of the fortieth century had to reconstruct the theory and practice of our music from Lobe's Catechism and a couple of Moody and Sankey's hymns. Aristoxenus, Alypius, Nicomachus, Gaudentius, Bacchius, and Martianus Capella are not names to conjure with; but painstaking historians, such as Boeckh and Westphal, and our own Burney and Hawkins, have waded through these wearisome pages, and with their help we can at least grasp the leading features of the form of ancient Greek music, if its evanescent spirit has passed away beyond recall.

Limitation of Range.

I. In the first place, we are struck with the limitation of the range, which is explained by the fact that ancient Greek music was chiefly vocal, instruments having been, until a late period, used solely as an accompaniment to the voice. It may be observed, moreover, that the range was limited even for the voice, for it seems to have only comprised two octaves, which might in modern notation be roughly written in the form—



It is clear that women could not have sung much, or the range would have been extended. Each of these two octaves was further subdivided into two tetrachords of four notes each, and it is important that this division should be borne in mind, the tetrachord being regarded as the ultimate basis of the whole system of Greek music.

Character of the Modes.

II. But much more striking is the distinction between the modes, which is generally regarded as something very mysterious, but is in fact very simple. The modes were merely different scales. A scale is properly a fixed succession of notes forming, as it were, a mould in which melodies are cast. We are apt to fancy that there is something peculiarly natural about the succession of notes in which our own music is framed. But our usage is in truth wholly conventional. In the Scotch scale of five notes, which can be played entirely on the black keys of the pianoforte, the succession was quite different, and examples might be multiplied indefinitely. In fact, there is a diversity even in our own system. There is one scale, the Major, in which a certain definite order of tones and semitones is followed; and another, the Minor, in which the tones and semitones are differently arranged, the semitones occurring in the former between the third and fourth and the seventh and eighth notes, in the latter between the second and third and the fifth and sixth. Now, where we have two such scales, the Greeks had a dozen—that is all the mystery of the modes. But the reader who remembers when he had to get up at seven for an hour's practice, will say: "But we have a dozen scales too." So we have, but these are really one and the same scale in different keys—that is, at a higher or lower pitch. In the scales of C and E major the order of tones and semitones is the same; the only difference is that one scale starts two tones

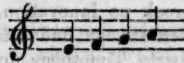
higher than the other. The order would not be the same, if we did not invariably sharpen four notes in the key of E, and we may form some idea of a Greek mode by omitting these accidentals. In fact, the Greek modes may be taken as roughly corresponding to our scales with all the sharps and flats left out—a system which some youthful pianists may think a great improvement on our own! It is not particularly pleasing to the ear to run up the scales on the white keys of the piano-forte; but may the ear not have lost something in two thousand years? It is certainly curious that the Greeks should have had a dozen moulds in which to cast their musical ideas, while we content ourselves with two. How wonderfully different are the bright Major and the sad Minor in our music! What then must have been the diversity of the music of ancient Greece, which had musical modes for the expression, not of two but of a dozen phases of feeling! We may, it is true, catch something of the form of the Greek modes in the Canto Fermo of the Catholic churches and the Gregorian Chants of the Ritualistic service. It was only the words of their service that the early Christians took from Palestine; the music has come down in unbroken tradition from the ritual of the Parthenon. The Psalms are still sung in modes which bear the names Dorian, Hypodorian, Phrygian, Hypophrygian, Lydian, Hypolydian, Mixolydian, and Hypomixolydian. The names are the same, and the structure of the modes is similar; but this circumscribed and jejune chanting will not tell us much of the songs of Tyrtæus and Timotheus. The priest will croak his throaty Alleluia all the same, whether it be set to a mode that may once have served for the patriotic odes of Aleman, or for the burning love-songs of Sappho. We can in truth only judge the modes from the description of the Greeks themselves. Let us hear their description of the seven chief modes—those based on the seven different notes of the octave. The Hypodorian or Æolian was termed "solemn;" the Hypophrygian, "severe;" the Hypolydian, "voluptuous;" the Dorian, "grave," "earnest," "warlike;" the Phrygian, "religious;" the Lydian, "sweet," "youthful;" and the Mixolydian, "plaintive." Of these, the Lydian is said to correspond to our Major, while the Hypodorian corresponds to our Minor. The description "solemn" will do well enough for our Minor, but we certainly make our Major carry something more than the ideas of sweetness and youth. It is doubtful how far these characteristics were inherent in the nature of each mode. The Lydian mode may have taken its name of "sweet" as much from the real or supposed sweetness of the Lydian race as from anything essentially sweet in the succession of tones of which it is composed. But that there was a real distinction we may readily admit. With the example of our own Major and Minor before us, we need have no difficulty in realizing the wonderful differences which can be produced simply by an alteration in the succession of a few semitones. To Plato the distinction was so real that he banished all but two from his ideal State. The guardians of his State must know nothing of the softness of the Lydian mode or the plaintiveness of the Mixolydian. The Dorian and Phrygian alone were left—why, Plato will tell us in his own words:

"Of the harmonies I know nothing; but I want to have one warlike, which will sound the word or note which a brave man utters in the hour of danger and stern resolve; or, when his cause is failing and he is going to wounds or death, or is overtaken by some other evil, and at every such crisis meets fortune with calmness and endurance. And another to be used by him in times of peace and freedom of action, when there is no pressure of necessity, and he is seeking to persuade God by prayer or man by instruction and advice; or, on the other hand, which expresses his willingness to listen to persuasion or entreaty or advice, and which represents him when he has accomplished his aim; not carried away by success, but acting moderately and wisely, and acquiescing in the event. These two harmonies I ask you to leave; the strain of necessity and the strain of freedom, the strain of the unfortunate and the strain of the fortunate, the strain of courage and the strain of temperance; these, I say, leave."

Character of the Genera.

III. We have now to speak of a wheel within a wheel, a further variety subordinate to the mode, which was termed the genus. We have remarked that the Greek scale was regarded as composed of two tetrachords of four notes each. Now the further variety of the genus was comprised within the limits of the tetrachord, the extremes of which were fixed, while the two intermediate notes were variable. We impart a variety to our own music by using occasional chromatic notes in a melody framed on the regular succession of tones which constitutes the Diatonic scale. Similar to this is the distinction between the Greek genera. The Diatonic arrangement of the tetrachord, in which the semitone is followed by a full tone, was regarded as the normal genus. The Chromatic genus was also in use, in which two semitones follow each other. But in addition to these genera, in which Greek music resembles our own, there was the Enharmonic genus, which had the striking peculiarity of quarter-tones. We may write the three tetrachords as follows, marking numerically the interval of a quarter, for which there is no symbol in our notation.

A. THE DIATONIC:



B. THE CHROMATIC:



C. THE ENHARMONIC:



Nor was this all. There were further sub-varieties of the Diatonic and Chromatic genera, in which other intervals were used. Under all these genera the notes in the tetrachord were arranged in no fewer than six distinct sets of intervals, of which the following is a table:

| | | | | | |
|---------------|-----|---------------|---------------|---------------|---------------|
| A. Diatonic | (1) | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 1 | 1 |
| | (2) | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| B. Chromatic | (1) | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | (2) | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| | (3) | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ |
| C. Enharmonic | | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{4}$ | $\frac{1}{2}$ | 2 |

Of these varieties, some of which were but little used, the most popular was the Enharmonic. It was certainly the most striking, for it possessed at once a shorter and a longer interval than any other genus. The two quarter-tones at the beginning occupied so little room that a wide gap of a double tone was left at the end. So the Enharmonic could be readily recognized, and was thus well fitted for the purpose for which the genera were employed. This was to vary the less important parts of a melody in such a manner that the salient notes still stood out. It was in fact "colouring"—the Greek "chroma," from which the Chromatic genus took its name. A melody was first sung in the Diatonic genus, and then Chromatics and Enharmonics were introduced as embellishments, which left the essential part of the melody untouched; just as in modern music the same theme may be traced through variations which range from a Funeral March to a Galop. But what are such variations compared with the subtle delicacy of the Greek genera? Whatever we may think of the modes—and many think that our Major and Minor are sufficiently distinctive—there can be no doubt that in the abandonment of those minute intervals which the Greeks employed in their genera, we have lost much. We only distinguish tones and semitones; the Greeks habitually used quarters, thirds, three-fourths, and three-eighths. Curiously enough, uncivilized nations and savages are also before us in this respect. Orientals visiting Europe think our music harsh, as they miss in it those fine gradations to which they are accustomed; and our travellers often describe the music of savage races

as monotonous simply because the intervals are so delicate as to escape their ears. Here is a specimen from New Zealand:

WHAKARONGO.



wha-ka-ri-ki-ri-ki ai-te-rai-kei-to Hu-mh-i

The Maories, it will be said, must have as delicate ears as the phenomenal Indians of good old Fenimore Cooper. But practice can make a piano-tuner distinguish still smaller intervals, and if we do not show such nice discrimination it is only because we have no occasion to exercise it. Custom is the root of the matter. Engel has well remarked that a piano-tuner will run up the keyboard in consecutive fifths, which is enough to drive a composer to distraction. A composer, on the other hand, will sometimes realize his best conceptions on a piano, which it would cause a piano-tuner the most exquisite torture to listen to. Even now such intervals are used with a pleasing effect by soloists, more especially violinists, but also singers. But the Philistines have to be reckoned with, who are sure to declare that a singer who uses quarter-tones is singing flat, and in any case such intervals must be strictly confined to solo-passages which stand out prominently from the harmonies of the accompaniment. They spoil all if applied to notes essential to the harmony: thus solo-violinists, from their habit of using such effects, often make indifferent performers in a quartet.

It would give delicacy, subtlety, and variety to our music if such intervals were generally adopted. But one fatal objection stands in the way. This is the large use of keyed instruments with fixed notes. Almost within our own time a step has been taken in the other direction, in the introduction of the equal temperament, under which $F\sharp$ and $G\flat$, although really different, are represented by a single note, which is a mean between both. Attempts have indeed been made to represent more minute intervals on the organ and pianoforte, but the contrivances proposed have proved too complicated for general use. We must be content to remain as we are. With the Enharmonic genus on one side, and the organ and pianoforte on the other, our choice will not be difficult.

Rhythm.

IV. In rhythm Greek music was highly developed, in some respects more highly than our own. Our measures all resolve themselves into double or treble time, but the Greeks also used measures consisting of five or seven beats. Chopin has familiarized us with the occasional use of such irregular rhythms, but in a piece of music written entirely in a five-part measure, we should be puzzled to recognize any rhythm at all.

But the vocal character of Greek music was a cause of limitation. In the field of poetry, nothing could be richer, nothing more varied, than the rhythmic system of a tragedy of Sophocles or an ode of Sappho. And Greek music shared this richness and variety of rhythm with Greek poetry, but it had no distinctive rhythm of its own. There is a real if a somewhat refined distinction between poetic and musical rhythm. For buoyancy of rhythm, the verses of Sir Walter Scott are unsurpassed. But Sir Walter Scott, although we may describe his poetry as "musical," himself confessed that he had no musical aptitude whatever. Now the rhythm of Greek music was poetic, the time being determined by the accent of the words, as in the modern Canto Fermo, which we saw to be its lineal descendant. Musical rhythm, properly so called, is a development of instrumental music; but in Greece we have seen that instrumental music was regarded chiefly as an adjunct of vocal music. An indication of this is the absence of bars, or indeed of any notation to denote time, without which there could be no proper development of instrumental music. It is only to the instrumental

music of modern times that the secrets of rhythm have been disclosed. Listen to Lachner's famous Suite with its fifty variations. The theme is first given out in severe and solemn simplicity; the time-beats fall like hammers, firm and regular. Now the measure quickens—it is a merry dance; a sudden pause, and we linger over the long-drawn sighs of the Largo; again the air breaks into the florid brilliancy of the rippling Presto; and so on and on, from change to change, until the whole culminates in the massive dignity of the Triumphal March. The music of ancient Greece had nothing to show like this. Anacreon could have learned nothing from Byron, but the Suite of Lachner would have been a revelation to Terpander.

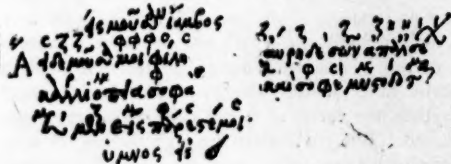
Harmony.

V. The existence of harmony in Greek music has long been a vexed question, but it is pretty clear that if the Greeks had any harmony at all, which is doubtful, it was of a very rudimentary character. There is no word for harmony in Greek terminology (the word *harmonia* itself, *ἀρμονία*, denoting a pleasing succession of sounds, that is, melody), and no mention is made of it in the Greek treatises on music. The Greeks had indeed a knowledge of the theory of Concords, which Pythagoras was fabled to have discovered while listening to the clanging of the anvils in a blacksmith's shop; but they never seem to have taken the step of arranging these concords in the ordered succession which we call harmony. There was a practice called *Magadizing*, which, as described by Aristotle, consisted in playing a melody in octaves. The name was derived from the *Magadis*, the only instrument with the required compass of two octaves. This harmony, if harmony it can be called, is bound to arise when men and women sing the same melody together. There are indications that the practice of *Magadizing* was carried a little further. Horace refers to a duet for the lyre in the Dorian mode and the flute in the Lydian, and a passage from Pindar has been interpreted to mean that odes were sung in one mode, and accompanied by an instrument in another. *Magadizing* is doubtless what Horace and Pindar mean; that is, the accompaniment would not be wholly distinct as now, but merely a repetition of the melody in another mode. But this would only constitute a very elementary form of harmony, and even this is disputed. At the best, Greek harmony was something inferior to what our mill-girls make up as they go singing to and from their work.

We have evidence that modulation was practised. An air often passed from one mode to another by means of a note common to both modes, just as in the transition from key to key in modern music.

Notation.

VI. The Greek system of notation was cumbersome. There was no staff, and every note had consequently to be represented by a different sign. The letters of the alphabet were used, but there were not enough to go round, and they were accordingly



SPECIMEN FROM A HYMN TO CALLIOPE AND APOLLO.

written backwards, sideways, or upside down, and doubled, halved, or contracted, to make the requisite number of signs. We saw that time was not provided for, but the varieties of the modes and the genera brought the number up to eighty-five, which was doubled by an apparently unnecessary distinction in the notation for vocal and instrumental music. With one hundred and seventy characters to get up, it is no wonder that the

Greeks said that the science of music was all in the notation. The system would hardly do for a modern conductor, who is expected to read twenty lines at a time.

Instruments.

VII. We have had occasion several times to remark on the subordinate position of instruments in ancient Greek music. But instruments were used from the earliest times as an accompaniment to the voice. The earliest and the most distinctively Hellenic instrument is the lyre. Its origin was, of course, divine. Homer tells us how Mercury, strolling one day by the sea, found an empty tortoise-shell. First he drilled holes in the side, and stretched reeds across, which he covered with a piece of bull's-hide. He then affixed two bull's-horns, and joined them with a cross-piece. From this he hung four strings, which he made fast to the shell, and the lyre was complete! This was the original tetrachord, and for a long time no addition was made to the number of strings. The number was indeed considered sacred, as typifying the four seasons of the year. Terpander, the famous musician of Sparta, added three strings, which gave the lyre the compass of the Diatonic scale. But the Ephors were on the alert, and the increase was forbidden. These Ephors would brook no innovation. Long afterwards, when seven strings had come to be recognized even at Sparta, Timotheus appeared at the festival of the Carneia with a lyre of eleven strings. Just when Timotheus was about to commence his performance, the Ephors advanced, with a knife and gave him his choice from which side he would prefer the superfluous strings to be cut! Other States were less conservative than Sparta. The representations which we still possess, show that lyres were made with any number of strings, from three to eleven. The nine Muses were represented in a lyre with nine strings. But, until the decadence began to set in, the favourite instrument continued to be the seven-stringed lyre of Terpander.

The cithara was similar in construction to the lyre, but the horns were hollowed, and the belly made longer and broader. This gave greater resonance, and so the cithara came to be used in the theatre, and finally at the Olympic games. It was apt to drown the voice, and on that account was generally held in less favour than the simpler lyre.

Flutes were in common use, both flutes proper and clarionets. Two flutes of the clarionet type were often played together, the melody being given out by the right, while the left played a droning accompaniment. These flutes were fastened in a leather strap, called the *Phorbeia*, which was bound round the mouth.



But the flute had a bad name. Its inventor, Marsyas the Phrygian, had challenged Apollo to a musical contest. Apollo won with his cithara, and Marsyas, in punishment of his audacity, was flayed alive. The flute was Eastern in its origin, and was associated with the dissolute worship of Cybele. Pythagoras compared it to a mistress, while he called the lyre a wife; and Plato banished its enervating tones from the pure atmosphere of his Republic. Still the flute held its ground, until at last the struggle against the East was abandoned and Greece was flooded with foreign instruments.

The lyre and cithara were now too simple. The *Magadis* with its twenty strings had already been introduced, and now instruments, triangular, pen-

tagonal and heptagonal, were imported. The lyre and the cithara were driven out by the *Scindapsus*, the *Sambuca*, the *Spadix*, the *Simicium*, the *Nablas*, the *Ascarum*, the *Pelex*, and the *Pandura*. There was now a dishonourable divorce of music from poetry. Every honest citizen could once play the lyre, but it was only a virtuoso that could play the *Scindapsus* or the *Simicium*. A flute-player could now earn £500 for playing at a banquet, but the lyre was no longer passed round among the guests. Ptolemy Philadelphus could give a monster concert with 600 instrumentalists, but it was noise and not artistic beauty that the rabble of Alexandria applauded. The simplicity of Greek music was lost, but the dignity of modern music was not attained. The artistic structure which Sappho, Arion and Terpander had raised, now fell; but the time had not yet come for a nobler edifice to rise upon its ruins.

The work of the Greeks in music was good. In chaste simplicity it is in keeping with their work in literature, in painting, in sculpture, and in architecture. But music with the Greeks was less fully developed than the sister Arts. In literature we are certainly no more than their equals; there is nothing to show that we have surpassed them in painting; and in sculpture and architecture, we are admittedly their inferiors. But music is the latest of the Arts. Poetry, painting and architecture flourished throughout the Middle Ages; but music, as we know it, is a growth of these two centuries. We need not then be surprised that the Greeks in music stopped halfway. The additional variety of the modes and the genera, will not make up for the absence of harmony. Instrumental music, which they never developed, has greater possibilities than vocal. But in virtue of these very limitations and restrictions, Greek music may show us that grace and beauty can often be best attained by the simplest means. And the memory of what music meant to the Greeks, will nerve us in our efforts to spread the love and the knowledge of music among the masses of our people. Greek music was simple, but Greek music was universal. Music was to the Greeks what reading is to us—a necessary part of the education of a citizen. With the decline of freedom a professional class arose, and music became the amusement of the wealthy. During the Middle Ages music was cultivated by the Church. But since the Reformation it has again fallen into the hands of a professional class, who minister to the pleasure of those who can afford to pay for their services. It is right and proper that a body of men should make it the business of their life and their means of livelihood to promote the advancement of music, but this is only one side of the picture. While St. James's Hall is filled with the classes, the masses are crowding into Belmont's Pictorial Pub. Music was democratic once: it is aristocratic now. But there are signs that the old order changeth, and in this matter we shall do well if we keep before us the example of ancient Greece.

The Melody.

Thro' a window opened wide,
On the breathing evening air,
Stole a plaintive melody,
From an unseen player there.
All the passion of a soul,
All the tender ecstasy,
All that makes love's complex whole
Sang the wondrous harmony.
Music as of wandering wind,
Sighing, whispering, in a grove;
Music as of murmuring wave,
Borne from distant land above.
Thro' the window opened wide
Floated in my lonely soul—
Guiled by the melody,
Found its other half—was whole.

CYPRINACH.

* This is given in full in the Supplement.

An Extra Valse.

A CHRISTMAS EVE STORY.

PART I.

It was Christmas Eve. Outside in the garden the trees held their bare branches aloft against a cold, steely-blue sky; the bushes were white with frost; a full moon of palest silver had just risen, and was illumining the wintry scene with her unearthly lustre. Inside, a large fire glowed in the capacious grate, and lit up the large room in which we were assembled with capricious uncertainty: now showing us all distinctly with its rosy, dancing flames—now making us look mere dark shadows, whose faces and forms were indistinguishable as the flames died down.

My brother, sister, and I were the only occupants of the large room. We had been taking tea, as we often did, in the dark, and were now enjoying half an hour's delicious laziness before separating to dress for a ball we were going to. Jack was extended in an easy-chair with one long leg gracefully tossed over its arm; Grace's slight form was stretched full-length on the hearthrug, her golden head resting on the hassock at my feet; and I was slowly see-sawing in a rocking-chair, carefully guarding my face from the blaze, that I might not have burnt cheeks for the rest of the evening.

"It is a great bore to have to dress, and then go for a long drive on a cold night like this," said Jack, yawning.

"Don't talk nonsense," rejoined Grace, brightly. "You know you like dancing as much as any one. And don't malign the weather. It is simply perfect—the very ideal of Christmas weather."

"Yes, I must admit that it is what people call seasonable," said Jack, allowing his eyes to stray to the window, from which the dark crimson curtains were drawn back, so that we could see out into the frosty night. "It makes one think of Christmas numbers and that kind of thing. It is the sort of weather when one expects ghosts to be abroad, isn't it? How would you feel, Mabel, if you suddenly saw my face change and assume an expression of fascinated horror as I gazed out of the window past you; and you, turning your head involuntarily to discover what I was looking at, saw a tall, shadowy form, and a face, white as death, with great haggard eyes, staring in at me? Ha! I can almost fancy I see it myself!" And Jack, who was an excellent actor, looked straight over my head with an expression of intense horror on his features.

"Don't, Jack, don't—how can you?" I cried, nervously, ashamed of my own cowardice, and yet hardly daring to turn my head and assure myself that there was, in truth, nothing to be seen at the window.

"You little goose!" exclaimed Jack, with true brotherly scorn. "How can you be such a simpleton? Surely you don't believe in ghosts!"

"Of course I don't; but I hate to hear such things talked about. Even if one doesn't believe them, it is disagreeable to hear them talked about, and in this uncertain light—"

"There might be a ghost lurking in every corner of the room for all one can tell. But really, Mabel, joking apart, I don't feel sure that there isn't something at the window, just behind you. If you turn round—"

I interrupted Jack by springing from my chair, and Grace, rising from her lowly couch, bade him be silent with some asperity. "You know Mabel is rather nervous," she said, throwing her arm round me protectingly—Grace always protected me, although she was my junior. "You have no business to tense her with such nonsense! Come along, Mabel, it is time we went to dress." And with these words she bore me off upstairs.

An hour later our toilettes were completed, and we went down into the drawing-room to be ad-

mired by our father and mother. As we stood side by side our figures were reflected in a long looking-glass that occupied a recess opposite us, and we could see ourselves from head to foot. This occasion will serve as an excuse for me to introduce a brief description of my sister and myself. Grace was tall, slight, blonde, extremely pretty, with a spirit and animation in her appearance and movements that would have rendered even a plain girl attractive. Dressed now in white, with starry white flowers in her hair and on her breast, she looked charming, and the light that shone in her eyes and the smile that played on her lips betrayed her knowledge of the fact—she could not help but know it. For myself, what can I say? It is so difficult to describe oneself! However, I was not so tall as Grace; my hair was much darker than hers; her eyes were bright blue, mine of a grey so dark that at night they looked black. Ordinarily I was pale—too pale, some people said; but to-night I had a colour, my eyes were brighter than usual, and I felt with secret pleasure that for once, at any rate, I looked attractive.

"You both look exceedingly well; I have never seen you look better," said mamma, surveying us carefully. "Do not your sisters look nice, Jack?" she added to that youth, who had just entered the room.

"Oh—ah—yes—very well indeed," he returned, just glancing at us with a sort of unseeing look, then walking over to a mirror and anxiously examining himself. "I say, mother, do you think my tie looks all right?"

Mamma reassured him on that important point, then turned towards us again. "What lovely flowers, Mabel!" she said, gazed admiringly at the long spray of Neapolitan violets that ornamented the front of my bodice: "where did you get them?"

"Pelham sent them to her," said Jack, officiously. "He must want something to do with his cash, I should think, to spend it on such trumpery as that. He actually sent to London for them! They came from Covent Garden—I saw the label on the box when it arrived."

"And they talk about women being curious!" murmured Grace, slightly shrugging her shoulders.

"They must have cost a lot," pursued Jack, ignoring this last remark; "and they'll be faded before she has been an hour in the room."

"It was very kind of Arthur to send them, anyhow," I retorted, indignantly.

"So it was, dear," said mamma, kindly; "but Arthur was always a kind, thoughtful boy. I am more sorry than I can say that he is going away."

"And so am I," said Grace, heartily. I said nothing. I stooped down and arranged one of the lace frills on my skirt.

"I daresay we shall survive it," said Jack, unfeelingly. "Besides, a fellow can't stay at home all his life."

"I am sure he will feel leaving home," sighed our tender-hearted mother.

"Oh, rubbish!" retorted Jack. "He'll be as jolly as a sandboy out in India. He'll hunt tigers and elephants, flirt with grass-widows, make a pot of money, and come back in about thirty years' time as yellow as a guinea, with a rich wife, a lot of black servants, and no liver to speak of."

None of us volunteered any comment on this rose-coloured sketch of our old friend's future career, and the oracle, having spoken, became dumb, and resumed the study of his good-looking face and person in the looking-glass.

In a few moments the carriage was announced, and in another few moments we were rolling along the frost-bound road towards Bolton Grange, where our friends, the Boltons, were giving their usual Christmas Eve ball. It was a long drive, and none of us were sorry when our carriage entered the gates of the Grange, swept round the drive, and drew up before the large, old-fashioned building, all of whose windows were shining with lights.

"How jolly it looks!" said Grace, springing lightly to the ground.

"Yes, by Jove; and how jolly it sounds!" rejoined the person who thought it "a bore to have to dress and go out to a ball on a night like this," as "the harp, violin, bassoon" made themselves heard in a joyous burst of music. "Come, Mabel, look sharp—and don't be half an hour taking off your cloaks," he added, as we disappeared into the cloak-room.

When we entered the spacious ball-room we found it full already, a dance going on with great spirit; so when we had paid our respects to our host and hostess, we sat down and surveyed the dancers. Any one who lives in the country will understand me when I say that I knew them all—there were few present in all that large assembly with whom I was not more or less acquainted. One familiar face I could not see; Arthur Pelham was not present, so I wondered where he was, for I wished to thank him for the flowers he had sent me.

The dance concluded, the dancers dispersed, and Grace and I were soon surrounded by a number of our masculine acquaintances, who begged to be allowed to put their names upon our programmes. The cards were passed from hand to hand, and in a very few moments were nearly filled up. Grace looked on in smiling approval; I—well, I was not quite so pleased as she was. At every dance I had ever been to, Arthur Pelham had been one of my most frequent partners, and I did not wish my programme filled up before he came—especially as he was just about to go away for three years. Taking a sudden resolution I reclaimed my programme and refused to promise any more dances. It was about time, for only two were left. Congratulating myself on the unusual firmness I had displayed, I was walking away with one of my partners, when our progress was arrested by our hostess, who had an upright, soldierly-looking man with her. "Mabel," she said, "this is my brother Lionel, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has only recently come from India. Lionel, this is my young friend, Miss Mabel Severne."

"I hope you have a dance or two left," said Captain Bolton; and in the twinkling of an eye the two dances I thought I had reserved so cleverly were appropriated. With a smile that masked more annoyance than I should have cared to confess to, I said a few civil words to Captain Bolton, then walked away with my partner and began to dance.

The evening wore on, and still there was no sign of Arthur. From thinking that every one I saw in the distance was he, I arrived at the stage of feeling certain that he would not come at all; and the sense of sickening disappointment that all of us have felt at some time or other swept over me as I danced with one partner after another, and the violets Arthur had sent me began to droop in the heated atmosphere of the room.

The supper-valse was being danced, and I and my partner had paused for a moment near an open window, when a voice at my side said quietly, "Good evening, Mabel."

"Arthur! I—I thought you were not coming!" I exclaimed.

"I am very late, am I not? I could not help it; I was unexpectedly detained at home by business connected with my voyage," returned Arthur. "Your programme is full, of course?"

I nodded, and turned its scrawled surface towards him. "I knew it would be," he remarked with a shrug of the shoulders; then dropping his voice he added hurriedly, "I must have one dance with you to-night, Mabel. I will get Mrs. Bolton to put in an extra after supper. Promise to dance it with me?"

"Do you feel inclined to take another turn, Miss Severne?" asked my partner, whom I had quite forgotten in the interest of this little conversation, rather huffily.

"Oh yes, certainly!" I returned hurriedly, putting my hand on his offered arm.

"You have not answered me," observed Arthur. "Have I not? Well then, yes," I replied over

Mr. Ashley's shoulder. That ill-used young man put his arm round my waist and determinedly swept me into the circle of valses, but before we had gone half a dozen steps a loud crash announced the end of the dance, and every one began to stream towards the door.

We did not all leave the supper-room together. Some of the younger members of the company went back to the ball-room first, and among these was Captain Bolton, who went up and spoke a few words to the leader of the band. This latter nodded compliance, raised his bâton, and the musicians began to play the "Geliebt und verloren" valse. As the first bars of the wailing melody sighed from the strings, Arthur came up to me. "This is our valse, Mabel," he said, quickly; and before I could utter a word I found myself floating round the room supported by his arm, my hair brushing his shoulder, my hand closely clasped in his. A strange, dreamy feeling took possession of me—a reaction, perhaps, from the suspense and disappointment of the early part of the evening. I was vaguely conscious that there was something unusual in Arthur's manner—that his fair, rather boyish face was flushed, that his dark eyes were bent on me with a peculiar depth of expression; but the knowledge that this was so made little or no impression on me. It is possible that fatigue had something to do with this. I was not very strong; I had been dancing a great deal and was beginning to feel very tired; and just now I felt like one in a dream—the faint perfume of Arthur's violets stealing on my senses—the mournful, passionate strains of the music sinking and rising, then dying almost away only to wail out with renewed intensity, adding to the unreality of my feelings. I do not know how long we had been dancing—I only know that this vague, dreamlike feeling had increased upon me until I hardly knew where I was or what was passing round me, when I was suddenly roused by Arthur's exclaiming, "Good heavens, Mabel, what is the matter?" and with a dexterous turn he swept me through the doorway into another and smaller room, and thence, his arm still round me, into the conservatory.

"What is the matter, Mabel?" he repeated, taking my hands in his.

"Nothing," I returned, looking up into his face, surprised; "what should be the matter with me?"

"I thought you were going to faint," he said, anxiously; "I looked down at your face suddenly and you were deadly pale, your eyes were closed, and I could scarcely feel your breathing. Are you sure that you are quite well? You are so pale still and your eyes are so bright!"

"Yes, I am quite well!" I replied, not seeking to take my hands from his; for in truth, although I protested that I felt so well, a strange languor seemed to be overpowering me, and I scarcely knew what I was doing. Arthur looked at me in silence, then caught me suddenly in his arms and drew me to his breast, exclaiming passionately, "My darling, I love you with all my heart—tell me that you love me a little in return before I go away! Speak—answer me, dearest Mabel," he whispered, bending his head lower over mine; "have you not a word to give me?"

I did try to answer him, but the suddenness of his declaration had completely confused me, and although my lips moved, no sound came from them. Something in my face seemed to assure him of my answer, however, for, with an exclamation of passionate fondness, he clasped me closer to him and kissed me repeatedly.

"I felt that I must speak to you before I went away," he said presently, almost as if in self-defence. "It seems selfish, perhaps, for me to want to tie you down to me when I am going away for three years—"

"It is not selfish!" I interrupted. "How could it be?"

"In these three years you may see some one you will like better than me," he said, sitting down on a low couch and placing me beside him.

"That I shall never do!" I returned, decidedly.

"Some one more eligible, then," he suggested. To this I did not deign any reply, and for a short time we sat in silence while the music of the "Geliebt und verloren," slightly subdued by distance, still vibrated round us.

"I hope the name of that valse is not a bad omen," said Arthur, suddenly.

"*'Geliebt und verloren'*?" I don't know what it means," I returned.

"It means simply 'Loved and lost,'" he replied.

For a second I did not reply: I was striving to overcome the superstition that was the weakest part of my nature, and that I had so often striven in vain to conquer. At last I said valorously, "Who believes in omens? Only children and ignorant people! We will be superior to such weakness."

Arthur smiled tenderly, if somewhat incredulously, for he knew that I was not so strong-minded as I pretended; and he said, "Of course we will not believe in such nonsense, darling. I was only joking, and would not have said it if I had thought before speaking. But listen, Mabel. I am going away in a few days, and we shall not meet again for three years. You will think of me all that time, and write to me often?"

"Indeed I will! I shall think of nothing else."

"And, no matter what happens, you will always believe that I am true to you, and love you better than any one on earth?"

This time I could not speak. I nodded my head, then hid my face on his breast.

"You must not forget me for the sake of any fascinating fellows you may meet at balls," he went on in a lighter tone, evidently perceiving my emotion and wishing to lessen it.

"I shall not care for balls or anything else while you are away!" I exclaimed, lifting my head. "I will promise never to dance at all while you are away, if you like."

"I wish no such thing, and would not accept any such promise," he returned. "Why should you not enjoy yourself in my absence? But one thing I should like you to promise me."

"What is that?" I demanded, eagerly.

"Never to dance this particular valse—the '*Geliebt und verloren*,' with any one else," he returned.

"I promise it with all my heart!" I exclaimed; "I will never dance the '*Geliebt und verloren*' with any one but yourself."

PART II.

A YEAR had passed, and it was once more Christmas Eve. To all outward seeming everything was exactly as it had been that day a year ago; once more Grace, Jack, and I were assembled in our old schoolroom drinking our tea before going to dress for the Boltons' ball.

"How history repeats itself!" remarked Grace, as she stood in front of the fire, tea-cup in hand. "This time last year we were doing exactly as we are now."

"And we were going to the Boltons' dance, where we met just the same set of people—we shall meet to-night," added Jack. "It is fearfully monotonous work. That is the worst of living in the country; everything is always at a standstill."

"Arthur was at the Boltons' last year," I remarked, in a low voice, stretching out my left hand that the firelight might fall on the diamonds of the ring he had given me.

"Ah, to be sure; I had forgotten that," said Jack, cheerfully. "I daresay he is going to some much jollier entertainment to-night, with lots of grass-widows at it."

"You seem to think that India is exclusively peopled with grass-widows," observed Grace, laughing. "Does Arthur tell you anything about them in his letters, Mabel?"

I only shook my head, and a silence fell on us, which I presently interrupted by saying suddenly, "Do either of you know whether this is an unhealthy season in India?"

"Never remember hearing that it was," rejoined Jack, lightly.

"By-the-by, I wonder if that little Miss Stanton—the one that valses so well—will be there to-night?"

"What made you ask that question, Mabel?" said Grace, turning to me, and not noticing Jack's remark.

"No reason in particular," I replied, hesitatingly. "Only—only you know Arthur did not write by last mail, and he is always so particular about writing that I cannot help fancying he may be ill." I stopped abruptly, partly relieved at having at length uttered the thought which had been making me wretched for some days, and which I had hesitated to give expression to for fear of seeming to give substance to my fears.

"What nonsense, Mabel! What geese girls are!" exclaimed Jack, contemptuously. "Because a fellow happens to miss writing to you *once*—just *once*—you instantly imagine that something is amiss with him, instead of concluding, as any rational being would, that something important—business, most probably—prevented his writing."

"And you forget, too, how easily a letter may be lost!" added Grace. "Just think of the distance they have to come!"

"There has never been one of them lost before," I said, feeling somewhat comforted by the suggestion, however.

"All the more reason why one should be lost now, according to the doctrine of averages," retorted Jack, with his most superior air, drawing out his watch. "Half-past seven, by Jove!"

"Time to go and dress," said Grace. "Come, Mabel."

"I think I won't go to-night," I rejoined irresolutely.

"Not go because you didn't hear from Pelham the other day? You *are* a little duffer!" exclaimed Jack, scoffingly. "Did you ever hear anything so idiotic, Grace? I hope you'll never get engaged if it makes you as silly as it has done Mabel."

"It is not that, Jack," I protested; "of course I should not be so silly as all that, but I don't feel inclined to dance to-night; somehow I don't feel very well."

"Don't you really?" said Grace. "Let me look at you," and she drew me into the light of the fire and scanned my face; for although I was not precisely delicate I was not very strong, and any slight indisposition of mine always made them all uneasy about me. "How do you feel?"

"Oh, nothing much ails me; I only feel a little tired and lazy," I returned.

"In my opinion, you want a thorough good shaking-up," observed Jack, decidedly; "and a dance will be the best thing in the world for you." And with these words the autocrat departed.

"I really think Jack is right, and that a little change will do you good," said Grace, looking at me rather anxiously, I thought. "Come along," she added persuasively; and linking her arm in mine she drew me away to our room, where I proceeded to dress without further resistance, for I felt tired and languid, unfit to struggle on any subject.

The winter so far had been a mild and very wet one, and the enervating weather seemed to have weakened and depressed me. To-night, Christmas Eve though it was, was singularly mild; and we drove to Bolton Grange through a gentle, penetrating rain that completely prevented our seeing anything from the windows of the carriage.

The ball-room was very full when we entered it, with very nearly the same people who had been at the one the year before, and I watched my programme fill up without feeling any interest in my partners. Captain Bolton was again present, and he engaged me for a valse early in the evening. As we walked away together a cautiously lowered female voice struck my ear. "There goes Miss Severne," it said; "she looks very happy with Captain Bolton, in spite of her fiancé's absence, doesn't she?"

"I don't know about seeming happy," replied a masculine voice; "I think she is awfully pretty, and envy her fiancé, whoever he may be."

"She may be pretty if you admire a girl that looks as if she were in a consumption," said the first voice, tartly. "She is as white as a sheet, and her dark eyes and hair make her look like a ghost."

"A very attractive one," was the rejoinder. "She does look fragile, though. I should think—"

This was all I heard. With these unpleasant remarks ringing in my ears I began to dance, and to talk to Captain Bolton. I was vexed and mortified to hear myself spoken of as looking such a deplorable object; I was not in good spirits, and altogether I felt out of tune for dancing or enjoyment of any kind, and longed to sit down somewhere in quiet and be alone. This could not be, however, and I forced myself to listen to Captain Bolton's remarks, and make suitable replies to them. He had just finished making some very animated remarks on the subject of tennis, when I said to him, quite *à propos de bottes*, "You have been in India, have you not, Captain Bolton?"

"Indeed I have! I was out there for ten years."

"Then, do you know—can you tell me if this is an unhealthy season there?" I asked.

"That depends upon what part of India you mean," he replied.

"I mean a place named P—. It is in the tea-growing district. Do you know it at all?"

"Yes, I have been there. It is not a particularly healthy part; they have fever there sometimes, but it is not very bad," he added kindly, noticing, no doubt, how anxiously I was waiting for his words. "I do not think you need be uneasy about any friend you may have there if he leads an ordinarily careful and prudent life. It is the men who drink hard and all that kind of thing who chiefly come to grief in India."

"Then you think—" I was beginning, when someone came up to us, saying cheerfully to Captain Bolton, "Excuse me, old fellow, but your sister wants to see you for a few moments about a change in the programme. Sorry to interrupt you—may I take you to your sister, Miss Severus?" and I accepted his arm, and walked over with him to where Grace was sitting.

"You are looking very pale, Mabel; are you tired?" she said, when my cavalier had departed.

"A little," I replied.

"I think we had better leave early," she pursued, looking at me with an anxiety in her expression that surprised me. "There is only one more dance before supper, and directly it is over we can order the carriage and slip away. I daresay Mrs. Bolton will excuse us."

"I don't want to take you and Jack away just when you are beginning to enjoy yourselves!" I exclaimed. "There is nothing the matter with me, and I will not spoil your evening. I daresay I shall be all right when I have had some supper. Perhaps the champagne may do me good. Don't you worry about me," and with that I rose and took the arm of the young fellow to whom I was engaged for the next dance, which I went through with more spirit and enjoyment than I had as yet felt that evening.

This was the supper-valse, but at its conclusion no signal was given for us to go downstairs, so we strolled slowly round the large ball-room, laughing and chatting. My spirits had undergone one of those sudden revulsions to which people of a nervous and excitable temperament are liable, and I could feel that the colour had sprung to my cheeks, and that my eyes were brightening as I gaily exchanged lively nonsense with my companion. As we walked round the room we suddenly encountered Captain Bolton, who stayed us, saying, "O Vivian, there is an extra put in here, before supper. There was a slight hitch in the arrangements, but it is all right now. I have told nearly every one," and even as he spoke he passed on and began telling another couple the same thing.

"Of course you will let me have the pleasure," said Mr. Vivian, bending his head over me and speaking in his most seductive accents.

"I don't see where the 'of course' comes in," I

replied, laughing, and glancing idly at our reflections, for we stood opposite a large mirror.

"Well, I will not say 'of course,' but I will beg you to do me the favour," he returned, very pleadingly. "Surely you won't refuse me?"

"I don't know why I should not," I was saying, with a smile, when a few long-drawn chords from the orchestra struck on my ear, and I whispered, rather than said, "What is that?"

"Only the beginning of the valse," he replied, looking down at me and pressing the hand with which I involuntarily clung to his arm.

"But what music is it? Surely I have heard it before," I said; and I did not wonder that he looked into my face, for I saw by its reflection in the mirror that it had grown deadly pale. I looked at it with a feeling of vague surprise, then I saw, or fancied I saw, a face like Arthur's looking over my shoulder just as the first bars of the "Geliebt und verloren" sighed from the violins. I almost snatched my hand from the arm where it rested, and faltering disconnectedly "I—I must ask you to excuse me, I feel tired and a little faint," without thinking or noticing where I was going, escaped through an adjacent doorway, and found myself in the conservatory where Arthur and I had sat a year ago. I sank upon a couch—the very one where he and I had sat side by side—and burying my face in my hands, tried to compose myself. A sudden and intense emotion had seized upon me; I trembled from head to foot, and as the wailing melody of the valse sighed out and vibrated in the atmosphere round me, it seemed to me that Arthur was again beside me. The thought of him so completely possessed me, that when I heard his voice softly utter my name—"Mabel," I felt no surprise, and dropping my hands from my eyes, I looked up and saw him standing before me. I said something—I know not what—and stretched out my arms towards him, and in another second was clasped to his breast.

"You remember your promise?" he whispered; and I, letting my head fall on his shoulder, murmured "Yes."

Almost as soon as I had spoken we were mingling with the dancers, floating lightly and rapidly round the room. I could not speak to him, I could not even wonder at his sudden appearance when I so little expected to see him; I was absorbed in the sensations of the moment. His arm was round me, my head touched his shoulder. I could think of nothing else. But gradually our uninterrupted gliding round the hall-room began to make me dizzy—I could scarcely breathe, and felt more oppression at every moment. It seemed as if Arthur perceived this, for he whirled me again into the conservatory where he had found me, and still holding me in his arms and fixing a long, lingering look on me, said, "You have kept your promise, Mabel, and I have kept mine to you. I promised that I would always love you better than any one on earth." With these words he pressed his lips to mine and kissed me closely. That lingering kiss seemed to draw my soul from me and exhaust my remaining amount of vitality. At first I returned it, then I felt that my lips were falling from his, that my arms were relaxing their clasp round his neck. Everything grew suddenly dark, and in another second, in spite of a desperate effort to retain it, I lost consciousness altogether.

After a lapse of time that might have been moments or hours—I could not tell which—I opened my eyes and found myself lying on the couch in the conservatory, with Grace kneeling at my side holding a handkerchief steeped in eau-de-Cologne to my forehead, and Mrs. Bolton standing near her and fanning me. Their figures looked blurred and indistinct to me, the lights seemed to burn dimly, and for the moment I could not recollect what had been happening. A deadly oppression still weighed on me and impeded my breathing, and I slowly heaved a long, gasping sigh.

"She is getting better now," said Mrs. Bolton,

in a tone of relief. "You feel better, do you not, dear?" she added tenderly.

I tried to speak, but to my own surprise found I could not utter a sound. "I think she should have some brandy," said Grace, laying her fingers on my wrist; "she seems very weak."

"I told Lionel to get some when I sent him to find your brother," returned Mrs. Bolton. Then silence fell on them again, and was not interrupted until the door was pushed open noisily, and Captain Bolton, carrying a glass, and Jack, looking paler and more alarmed than I had ever seen him, entered.

"What is the matter with Mabel?" exclaimed Jack, hurrying up to me. "How long has she been ill? What is wrong with her?"

"She is only a little faint," said Grace, with what looked to me like a gesture of warning. "A little while ago, Mr. Vivian came to me and told me he thought I had better come to Mabel, as she had complained of feeling tired and faint and had come in here. I came to look for her, and found her as you see."

"Will you not give her this?" said Captain Bolton, proffering the glass. Jack took it from him, but his hand trembled so violently that he almost upset its contents; and Grace, in her turn taking it from him, supported my head on her arm while she held the glass steadily to my lips. I mechanically swallowed what was in it. It was strong, and burned my mouth and throat, but it seemed to bring life back to me. I felt my blood coursing through my veins again, the mists that had obscured all surrounding objects and muffled all sounds rolled away, and I said feebly, but quite distinctly, "Where is Arthur?"

I fancied that they all exchanged glances at this question, but Grace answered me at once and quite quietly, "He is not here now. You feel better, do you not, Mabel?"

I nodded my head, and wondered vaguely where Arthur had gone to, but did not feel strong enough to say any more just then; and Grace went on, "I should think we might let Jack carry you down to the carriage now. Mrs. Bolton has kindly offered to keep us here for the night, but if you feel equal to it, it will be best for us to go home, or papa and mamma will be so anxious about you."

Again I nodded, and whispered feebly, "I would much rather go home."

Mrs. Bolton urged Grace to stay with me where we were, but Grace stood firm, and presently I found myself wrapped up warmly in shawls and cloaks and carried downstairs in Jack's strong arms to the carriage, which had been filled with pillows and everything possible to make me comfortable. They arranged me in a reclining position, I let my head rest on Grace's shoulder, and we were soon driving quickly towards home.

The night was very mild, and they kept one of the windows down so that the air blew refreshingly on me. It seemed to do me good, and I soon felt so much better that I said almost in my natural voice, "I wonder where Arthur went to!"

This time I was not mistaken. Grace started so much that I could feel the movement of her shoulder where my head lay, and Jack looked at her with an expression little short of dismay. Could it be possible that they had not seen him—that he had come so late that they had not seen his arrival, and that they had never noticed me dancing with him? Could it be that for some reason he had rushed away so hurriedly that they had remained unaware of his presence? As I wondered thus Jack said, "I don't know what you are thinking of, Mabel; Pelham is—"

"You had better not talk to her, Jack," interrupted Grace, hastily, "she will get better much sooner if she is kept quite quiet. Don't try to talk, Mabel," she went on, bending over me affectionately, "you will soon be home now, and then you shall go to bed and have a good night's rest, and be quite well and bright again to-morrow."

I yielded obediently, and did not utter another word until we drove in at our own gates. "There

is a light in mother's dressing-room. I wonder why she is up so late?" said Jack, as the door was opened, and he prepared to lift me from the carriage; "is anything wrong—is your mistress not well?" he asked of the servant.

"Oh no, sir, I believe my mistress is quite well," returned the man, looking oddly at me—surprised, no doubt, to see me return home in such a manner; "she left word that she would like to see you before you go to bed, please, Miss Grace."

"Very well, I will go to her in a few moments," said Grace, cheerfully; "carry Mabel up into our room, Jack, and when I have settled her I will go and see what mamma wants."

Accordingly, Jack mounted the stairs with me in his arms, and left me with Grace in our bedroom. She proceeded to remove my wraps and ball-dress, brushed and plaited my hair; then bade me lie on the couch by the fire until she returned, and left me, promising not to be long.

By this time I felt a very great deal better, so I did not in the least mind being left alone, and I lay looking at the fire and feeling perfectly happy; for had not Arthur come home again? To think that I should have been so uneasy about not receiving a letter from him when the reason was that he was coming to me himself! I was aroused from my reverie with a start by the great clock in the hall striking three, and I suddenly remembered that as we entered the house it had struck two. Grace, then, had been with mamma three-quarters of an hour, and she had promised only to be gone a few moments. What could be keeping her so long? Surely mamma must be ill, and seized with alarm I left my couch and walked, rather falteringly, out of our bedroom towards mamma's. The door of her bedroom stood ajar; I pushed it open and entered noiselessly, my satin shoes falling without a sound on the carpet. The room was in darkness but for the light of the fire, which showed me that the bed was unoccupied. The door of the drawing-room was a little way open; a stream of light came through it, and I could hear the sound of voices talking, and—unless I was very much mistaken—some one sobbing.

Alarmed and astonished I hastened forward, then stopped short inside the doorway, and screened by the curtain that was partly drawn aside gazed in amazement at the scene before me. Papa was sitting by the fire with his head bowed on his hands; mamma, seated at the table, was sobbing bitterly; and Grace, standing before her, had a look of grief and horror on her face that I had never seen it wear before. On the table lay a flimsy-looking piece of paper, at which she was gazing. "My poor girl, my poor little Mabel!" said papa, in a broken voice; "I would have given half I possess to save her from this!"

"But who is to break it to her?" sobbed mamma, "I cannot do it. The shock to her will be so dreadful—so crushing—"

"I will break it to her," said Grace, in a low, resolute voice, "I would rather do anything else in the world, but I believe she will bear it best from me."

"Who would have thought that this would have been the end of it?" resumed mamma; "who would have thought when poor Arthur left home—"

Arthur's name broke the spell that had been holding me immovable and almost breathless for the last few moments. I advanced into the room and exclaimed, hoarsely, "What is the matter with you all? What are you saying about Arthur?"

Papa sprang from his chair and came towards me, while Grace seized the paper I had seen lying on the table and crushed it in her hand. "Mabel, my child, what are you doing here? You should not have left your room," said mamma, checking her sobs and endeavouring to speak composedly.

"What is the matter?" I repeated. "Why are you crying, and why does papa look so distressed?" Papa reached my side as I spoke, and I held out my arms and clung to him, for I was trembling violently and could hardly stand.

"We had better tell her," said Grace, very sadly. "Mabel, we have had some bad news."

"About Arthur," added papa. "My dear, he is very, very ill."

I looked first at one, then another of them, in blank amazement; then I burst into a violent fit of laughter and exclaimed, "Oh, how you have all frightened me; and for nothing, too! Arthur is well, quite well!"

"Unhappily we have received news to the contrary," said papa, looking at me as if in serious alarm.

"But I tell you he is well!" I repeated, vehemently. "I saw him, myself, this evening—danced with him, even! Now do you believe me?"

"She is ill; she does not know what she is saying," said Grace, agitatedly. "Mabel, you could not have seen him—it is impossible!"

"But I tell you that I did!" I repeated. "Do you wish me to disbelieve the evidence of my senses?"

"You know the name of the young fellow poor Arthur was living with?" said mamma, very gently.

"Perfectly well. He is named George Peel," I replied.

"Well, dear, the message concerning Arthur's illness—came from him," pursued mamma; "surely you will believe it now?"

I looked at her in blank amazement, then at Grace. In her agitation the latter had dropped the paper she held. It lay on the ground at her feet. Suddenly tearing myself out of my father's arms, I darted upon it and picked it up before any of them knew what I was going to do. With a cry of alarm Grace tried to snatch it from my hand, but I turned quickly away and held it firmly. "Now I shall know all about it!" I said, unfolding the crumpled piece of paper. A dead silence fell upon them all, and in it I read these words of a cable-message:—

"George Peel, P—, India, to John Severne, Severne Court, —shire.

"Arthur Pelham died to-night after a fortnight's illness of fever. His last words were of Miss Severne. Will write all particulars by first mail. Please break this to your daughter. He died at 7 this evening, Christmas Eve, 188—."

I stood and gazed at these words without being able to understand them. Then, suddenly, their import flashed upon my mind, and I knew that Arthur was dead!

"I Have Sung of the Girl."

I have sung of the girl of golden hair,
And of her with the locks of night,
But now I shall sing, till the old roof ring,
Of the maiden whose tresses are brown and rare,
And whose laughing eyes and angel air
Have thrilled me thro' with delight,
Heigh-ho,
Have thrilled me thro' with delight!

I have felt the weird magic that lies in the glass,
When it brims with the russet wine,
But its mystic dower is poor to the power
That lies in the eyes of my nut-brown lass;
For theirs is a glamour that will not pass,
A magic that ever is mine,
Heigh-ho,
A magic that ever is mine!

It is heart to heart in the waning light,
And lip to lip in the gloom,
That my darling and I shall dream as we lie
In the hazelwood hollow below the height,
Thro' the haunted dusk of the summer night,
Be the prophet's weird the doom,
Heigh-ho,
Be the prophet's weird the doom!

EDENEZER BLACK.

What shall we Play?

or, Music in the House

LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

—:o:—

VII.

YOU are not wrong, my dear friend, when you say that I have mentioned comparatively little of the literature for four hands, which, certainly, must be especially classed as "Music for the House." Well, I will remedy this omission. On the numberless arrangements of orchestral works, and works for chamber-music by our masters, I will only dwell shortly, simply mentioning that the arrangements by the following can be recommended in preference to many others: Klage, Czerny, Watts, Hugo Ulrich (especially the latter's arrangements of the *Piano-Concertos* by Mozart and Beethoven, &c., published by Leuckart), and above all, Otto Dresel. Arrangements by the last-named musician, however, require especially good players. Original pieces for two players on one piano have not been composed, as far as I know, by Bach and Händel, and only very few by Haydn, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Mozart, on the other hand, has written a great number of very charming Sonatas—the wonderful *Fantasia in F minor*; the *Variations in G major*, &c. Schubert alone has produced a complete literature, the whole of which is well worth while playing. Of Schumann I must specially name the "Oriental Pictures," Op. 66, and the Album for Four Hands, Op. 85. Hummel's Sonata in *A flat*; Moscheles' Sonata in *E flat*, and Onslow's Sonatas in *E minor* and *F minor* have been very greatly played in their day, and have to some extent successfully defied time's wearing influence. Here follows a short list of more modern composers:

Bargiel, Op. 7, Suite.
Hofmann, Op. 19, Italienische Liebesnovelle.
Wilm, N. von, Op. 25, Suite No. 1.
Krause, Ant. Jugend-Bibliothek, a collection of melodies from the works of ancient and modern masters.
" " Op. 6, Serenade.
Mendelssohn, Op. 92, Allegro brillante.
Reinecke, Op. 46, Music to Hofmann's Fairy-tale, "Nutcracker and the Mouse-king."
" " Op. 92, Overture to Goethe's "The Fair at Plundersweilern."
Röntgen, Op. 4, "Aus der Jugendzeit."
Scharwenka, Ph., Op. 21, Suite de Dances.
Hiller, Op. 106, "Operette without text."
Reinecke, Op. 165, A Fairy-tale without words.
Rheinberger, Op. 122, Sonata.
Rubinstein, Op. 103, Bal Costumé.
Barth, Op. 4, German Dances.
Brahms, Hungarian Dances.
" " Op. 23, Variations on a theme by Schumann.
" " Op. 39, Valses.
Gade, Op. 4, Nordische Tonbilder.
Jadassohn, Op. 58, Balletmusik in Canon form.
Jensen, Adolph, Op. 45, Hockzeitmusik.
Moszkowski, Op. 12, Spanish Dances.
Raff, Op. 174, Aus dem Tanz-Salon.
Scharwenka, Ph., Op. 30, All' Ongharese Walzer.
Volkman, Op. 24, Hungarian Sketches.
Wilm, N. von, Op. 30, Second Suite.

If you have two pianos at your disposal, the playing of pieces for four hands on two pianos will afford you great pleasure and enjoyment. All such arrangements of the orchestral works of our heroes are, of course, far more effective than would be possible if they were arranged for one piano only.

There is no great abundance of original works for two pianos. First of all I must draw your attention to the "Library for Two Pianos, a Collec-

tion of Original Works," edited by Anton Krause, and published by Breitkopf & Härtel, which contains eighteen works from Bach to Liszt. The contents are as follows:

1. *Clementi, M.*, Sonata No. 1, B flat.
2. " " Sonata No. 3, B flat.
3. **Mozart, W. A.*, Concerto in F.
4. " " Sonata in D.
5. " " Fugue in C minor.
6. " " Concerto in E flat.
7. **Bach, Joh. Seb.*, Concerto No. 3, in D.
8. " " No. 2, in C.
9. *Chopin, Fred.*, Op. 73, Rondo in C.
10. *Krause, Anton*, Op. 17, Sonata in E.
11. *Huber, Hans*, Op. 31, Sonata in B flat.
12. *Bruch, Max*, Op. 11, Fantasia in D minor.
13. *Reinecke, Carl*, Op. 66, Impromptu in A.
14. *Singer, Otto*, Op. 1, Andante with Variations in F.
15. *Rudolf, E.*, Op. 1, Variations in E.
16. *Schumann, Robert*, Op. 46, Andante, and Variations in B flat.
17. *Reinecke, C.*, Op. 94, La belle Grisélidis, in F.
18. *Liszt, Franz*, Concerto Pathétique, E minor.

* Nos. 3 and 7 for three pianos.

Besides these I mention further:

- Saint-Saëns*, Op. 35, Variations on a theme by Beethoven.
Gouvy, Op. 62, "Lilli Bul'ero."
Hiller, Op. 108, Lützow's Wild verwegene Jagd.
Moscheles, Op. 92, "Hommage à Händel."
Moscheles and Mendelssohn, Variations on the March from "Preciosa."
Reinecke, Op. 24, Variations on a Sarabande by Bach.
Reinecke, Op. 125, Improvisation on a Gavotte by Gluck.
Mendelssohn, Op. 92, Allegro brillante, arranged for two pianos by Reinecke.
Rheinberger, Op. 15, Duo in A minor.

With regard to the literature for Violin and Piano, I must refer you to the Guide by *Albert Tottmann*, should the following not prove sufficient. It is well known that Mozart and Beethoven alone have created a complete literature for these instruments. As preparatory studies, besides the works already named, may be mentioned:

- Reinecke*, Op. 122, ten short pieces.
 " Op. 174, ten short pieces. New Series.
 " Op. 108, three Sonatinas.
Schubert, Op. 137, three Sonatinas.
Hauptmann, three Sonatas, Op. 5 and Op. 23.
David, Op. 30, "Bunte Reihe."
 For the higher grade:
Bargiel, Sonata, Op. 10.
Gade, Sonata, Op. 6.
 " Sonata, Op. 21.
Grieg, Sonatas, Op. 8 and Op. 13.
Huber, Sonata, Op. 42.
Heller and Ernst, Douze Pensées Fugitives.
Mendelssohn, Sonata, Op. 4.
Rubinstein, Sonata, Op. 19.
Schumann, Phantasiestücke, Op. 73.
Reinecke, Phantasiestücke, Op. 22.

- " Sonata, Op. 116.
 " Fantasie, Op. 160.
Schumann, Sonatas, Op. 105 and Op. 121.
Goldmark, Suite, Op. 11.
Bach, J. S., Six Sonatas, with Pianoforte Accompaniment by Robert Schumann.
Hiller, Canonical Suite, Op. 86.
 " Six Rhythmical Studies, Op. 38.
Rheinberger, Sonatas, Op. 77 and Op. 105.
Gouvey, Th., Sonata, Op. 61.
Bargiel, Suite, Op. 17.
Brahms, Sonata, Op. 78.
Kiel, Suite, Op. 77.
 " Romance, Op. 49.
 " Two Sonatas, Op. 35.
Raff, Five Sonatas.

The literature for Piano and Violoncello is not so plentiful. Besides the five well-known Sonatas by Beethoven, and the two by Mendelssohn, I name:

- Schumann*, Five Stücke im Volkston.
Rubinstein, Sonatas, Op. 18 and Op. 39.
Reinecke, Sonata, Op. 42.
 " Sonata, Op. 89.
Bennett, Sonata, Op. 32.
Brahms, Sonata, Op. 38.
Grieg, Sonata, Op. 36.
Hofmann, H., Romance, Op. 48.
Jensen, Gustav, Sonata, Op. 12.
Kiel, Reisebilder, Op. 11.
Lachner, Vincenz, German Dances, Op. 65.
Saint-Saëns, Suite, Op. 16.
 " Sonata, Op. 32.
Scharwenka, Sonata, Op. 46.
Witte, G. H., Sonata, Op. 15.

The Trio literature up to the most recent time is exceedingly rich, and I need only mention to you the names of the composers, as, for instance: Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Bargiel, Rheinberger, Gernsheim, Reinecke, Brahms, Saint-Saëns, &c. Perhaps you might find it desirable to get to know a few easy, and very easy, trios, which may be regarded, so to speak, as children's trios, and can partly precede Haydn's:

- Kirchner*, Op. 58, Kinder-Trios.
Beethoven, To My Little Friend." Trio in one movement, B flat.

- Reinecke*, Op. 159, Three Easy Trios.

- " Op. 126, Two Sérénades.

- Wohlfahrt*, Op. 66, Two Easy Trios.

Of newer Trios, I specially name the following:

- Bargiel*, Op. 6 and Op. 20.
Brahms, Op. 8 and Op. 87.
Brüll, Op. 14.
Gade, Op. 29 (Novelettes) and Op. 42.
Henselt, Op. 24.
Hiller, Sérénade, Op. 61.
Holstein, Op. 18.
Kiel, Two Trios, Op. 65.
Raff, Op. 155.
Rubinstein, Op. 52.
Saint-Saëns, Op. 18.
Scharwenka, Op. 45.
Volkmann, Op. 5.

It now only remains for me to give you a few hints about Song literature. But even these few I consider almost superfluous, for you know as well as I do that *Schubert*, *Mendelssohn*, *Weber*, *Schumann*, also *Haydn*, *Mozart* and *Beethoven*, have given us treasures of song equalled by none, and that in later times *Robert Franz*, *Lindblad*, *Adolf Jensen*, *Brahms*, *Rubinstein*, *Chopin*, *Hiller*, and many others have produced excellent songs, whilst *Karl Löwer* stands unapproached as master of the Ballad.

It is otherwise, however, with songs for two voices. Most people who are able to cultivate this species of song move in a little circle, and generally fall back upon the very charming duets of Mendelssohn, the three well-known duets by Schumann, and perhaps some of Rubinstein's. But all of these have rather lost the charm of novelty. I think, therefore, I shall perform a good work if I draw your attention in the following list to a few others:

- Duettos*, By old masters, arranged by Carl Banck.
Hiller, Op. 39, Volksthümliche Lieder for Treble and Alto with Pianoforte.
Gade, Op. 9, Nine Songs for two Sopranos with Pianoforte.
Schumann, Op. 103, Maiden Songs for two Sopranos with Pianoforte.
Bruch, Op. 4, Three Duets for Treble and Alto with Pianoforte.
Händel, The Sirens, for two Sopranos with Pianoforte.
Reichel, Op. 73, Three Duets for Soprano and Alto.
Hauptmann, Op. 46, Songs in Two Parts without Accompaniment.
Jadassohn, Op. 36, Nine Songs for two High Voices with Pianoforte, Op. 38, 6 Canons.
Reinecke, Op. 12, Four Songs, Op. 32, Six Songs, Op. 64, Four Songs, Op. 109, Six Songs, with Pianoforte.

Schumann, Op. 29, Ländliches Lied for two Voices and Pianoforte.

Schumann, Op. 112, Duet for Treble and Alto from "The Rose's Pilgrimage"—"A Mill."

Reinecke, Op. 163, Twelve Canons for two Female Voices and Pianoforte.

Nicolai, Op. 11, Three Duets for Treble and Alto with Pianoforte.

Meinardus, Op. 15, Lieder und Gesänge, for two Voices and Pianoforte.

Lully, "The Naiades," for two Sopranos with Piano.

Winterberger, Op. 39 and Op. 43, Volkspoesien.

Brahms, Ops. 20, 66, and 75.

Lassen, Op. 50 and Op. 55.

And in order that humour may not be wanting, I mention some amiable jests, the production of which is quite justifiable at the proper time, and which always afford the greatest amusement. I mean the children's symphonies by Haydn, Bernh. Romberg and Holten; also the Valse, Op. 5, and Melly-Ländler, Op. 6, by Grenzebach; all of which are composed for pianoforte and children's instruments (Cuckoo, Nightingale, Quail, Trumpet, Drum, Triangle, Rattle, &c.), and which produce, of course, a most comical effect, always supposing that the jest has been studied in earnest. A very humorous Pot-pourri is entitled "Wippchen, eine musikalische Gedanken-Polyphonie," by S. C. Helm, which, however, to be fully appreciated, demands an audience with an extensive knowledge of literature.

And now I bid you farewell, my dear friend, with the honest confession, that I feel very well that my letters are incomplete. You will, however, acknowledge, with kind forbearance, that a whole book would have to be written in order to exhaust the subject.

Duetto of Mendelssohn.

(Lieder ohne Worte, No. 18). Andante con moto.

She speaks:

The magical twilight fades, the shadows around are falling;
 The wind in the hawthorn glades is filled with the wild-bird's calling;
 O Love of the long-ago, my heart has no need to prove you,—
 This one thing alone I know—I love you, my life, I love you!

He speaks:

You cried on my name by night—all far-off and faintly streaming,
 Like rays of remotest light, your voice came over me dreaming;
 Lost dove in the woodlands wild, weak wave 'mid the bleak rocks straying,
 O poor little heartsore child! an answer shall enl your praying.

She speaks:

Heart's-dearest, I sought you long—I waited with tears and sorrow;
 Thro' anguish my love waxed strong, though faith waned afresh each morrow;
 But never shall be like this such a wonderful hour and tender,
 When the seal of a silent kiss is set to my soul's surrender.

He speaks:

O hush on my faithful breast, 'tis I who whisper above you;
 Lay fears and regrets to rest, be cherished by me who love you;
 Dear tired and tearful eyes, like flowers ye are softly closing,—
 Here, heart, is your Paradise, in peace on my heart reposing.

M. C. GILLINGTON.

A Stradivarius.

AS M. Bondinot, the portly pork-butcher of the Rue St. Denis, was saying a parting word, at the door of his shop, to a gossiping neighbour, a little ragged urchin brushed past him and made his way to the counter.

"Hallo, there, you young rascal!" shouted the owner of the establishment; "what are you after? Be off about your business; we don't want any beggars here!"

It was one of those Italian boys, of whom we see so many in our great cities. He was wretchedly clad, and under his arm he carried a grimy fiddle and bow.

"Non, Signor," replied the intruder; "zi not comes to ask carata; zi wants cotelettes di porko!"

"Pork chops? Here you are, my lad!" said M. Bondinot in a milder tone; and taking a long fork he fished up two chops from a metal box behind him. "Hère you are—two will be enough for you, I suppose? Sixteen sous, please."

The boy ferreted in his pockets, turning one inside out after the other, producing in turn a bit of sugar, three buttons, a broken comb, four or five playing-cards and a scrap of hard bread; but, alas! he failed to find a single copper.

M. Bondinot waited, with a knowing look on his face. "Che combinazione!" said the boy; "z'ai perdon mon argent!"

"All the worse for you. You can be off! No money, no chops!"

The Italian looked heart-broken. "If zi not bring nothing to Padre for his dinner, ze will be beaten, Signor. Keep my instrument, zi will bring you money before one hour!"

Bondinot examined the violin, and finding it to be at least well worth the price of the chops, gave them to the boy, who ran off in high glee.

Ten minutes after, a gentleman, fashionably dressed, entered the shop. "Pardon, Monsieur, I have lost my way. Will you kindly direct me to the grande Boulevards?"

Bondinot gave the desired information. While he was speaking the aristocratic stranger was gazing curiously at the violin lying on the counter.

"What have we here?" he exclaimed, taking it up. "Is this instrument yours?"

"No, sir; a little beggar left it with me in pledge."

"Oh!" said the gentleman. "Can you tell me where that little beggar lives?"

"Ma foi! No, sir. He said he would be back in an hour to redeem it, and pay me the sixteen sous he owes."

"What a remarkable thing! This is a genuine Stradivarius! Quite a rarity!"

"A Stradi—what d'ye call it?" said the pork butcher.

"See! It bears the label," showing the inside of the fiddle.

"I can't read it very distinctly," said Bondinot. "One cannot be mistaken—a very rare and curious violin this!"

"Sell it to me. I will pay a good price for it."

"Impossible, Monsieur! I tell you it is not mine."

"I'll give you two hundred francs for it," said the gentleman. "Three hundred, four hundred, fifteen hundred!"

"I'm sorry, but I can't do it," replied Bondinot.

"Well, perhaps you will think it over, and if you decide to accept my offer, come and see me—there is my card. I will pay you two thousand francs for it;" and the stranger left.

All the afternoon, while studying that card, on which was engraved "Lord Curzon, Hôtel Continental," the pork-butcher was meditating that if

the little Italian did not return by six o'clock, he might be tempted—

"Ah! Signor; here are your sixteen sous!"

"You've taken your time!" said Bondinot with a frown; but after an instant's thought he added more amiably, "Keep your money. Will you sell me your fiddle?"

"Non, Signor!"

"I'll give you 25 francs for it!"

"Non, Signor, the instrument is of my Padre. If zi not take it back, zi shall be beaten!"

"Here, leave it with me, and I'll give you 50 francs."

"Zi cannot!"

"Here, 100—200—300!" said the pork-butcher, clinking the money. "It's a fancy of mine. I must have your fiddle!"

After long hesitation the little musician parted with his instrument for 450 francs.

Bondinot at once closed his shop, and made the best of his way to the Hôtel Continental, calculating to himself, "Take 450 from 2000—leaves 1550! Not a bad afternoon's work!"

Arrived at last, he handed in the card to the doorkeeper of the hotel with a satisfied air.

"Lord Curzon! Don't know him," said the man.

"But this is the Hôtel Continental?"

"Yes, and I suppose you've come about a fiddle?"

"Quite right, I have it here!"

"You are the sixth person that has called here to-day on the same errand!"

"Good heavens! And Lord Curzon—"

"Is a clever swindler!"

Bondinot nearly dropped. His legs gave way under him, and he was obliged to lean against the door for support. "They told me—that—it was—a Stradivarius," he murmured.

The doorkeeper laughed. "A Stradivarius! You can buy as many as you like yonder for thirty sous apiece!"

Music in the Land of Fogs.

By FÉLIX REMO.

MUSICAL PREJUDICES.

IT is of course beyond dispute that John Bull is the possessor of the best seamen, the ablest men of business, the most daring travellers, the most stalwart men, the handsomest women, the tenderest salmon, the swiftest horses, the best-managed railways, the highest developed instinct in divining the most seductive investments, and the most acute and practical good sense. When, however, he refuses to remain content with the treasures just enumerated and arrogates to himself the possession of others as well, it is incumbent upon some one to tell him that instead of enhancing his dignity he merely belittles himself. This is precisely his position with regard to the question of music. Hitherto I have dealt fairly by him. I have borne testimony to the fact that he has progressed a great deal, and that we very often hear from him the finest concerts set out with a good deal of lavish display. I have taken note of his composers and his musicians; but when carried away by excessive presumption he fondly imagines that he has outshone the world, and that his countrymen have become the first musical nation on the face of the earth, it is but right to tell him that he places himself in an unnecessarily ridiculous light.

As a proof to some extent of what I have just said I subjoin the following extract taken from a weekly journal:—

"Among the absurdities retailed regarding the state of music in this country and abroad, nothing is perhaps more ridiculous than the manner in which

it is sought to depreciate the works of our national musicians. Let us examine the facts. Gounod has emptied his sack, and with the exception of 'The Redemption,' which was finished more than ten years ago, he has produced nothing in these later days which is worth the trouble of being mentioned. Wagner and Liszt are musicians who belong to a school which is extinct. Verdi has withdrawn from the arena. The greatest German composer is Brahms, and certainly both as an exponent of counterpoint and as a theorist he is inferior to Sir George Macfarren. Saint-Saëns and Massenet in France, Gade in Denmark, Grieg in Norway are unworthy to be compared with Cowen. The renown of Boito rests on a solitary work; but there is not a musician on the Continent whose music possesses the melodious charm and the refinement of orchestration which characterize the operas of Sir Arthur Sullivan. We shall seek abroad in vain for composers who possess the vigour of Mackenzie, the refined delicacy of Barnett, the excellence of Thomas Wingham, the cleverness of Villiers Stanford, Corder, Gadsby, Eaton Fanning, Eugène D'Albert and others. Messrs. Frederick Clay and Cellier write better opera comiques than anything that is produced on the Continent, and we have in Macfarren, Stainer, Bannister, and Prout better theorists than can be found elsewhere. While admitting the ability of Brahms, Dvorák, and Boito, there is no nation compared with our own in which one is able to find such a display of great men."

It is not permissible for me to reveal the name of the remarkable person who wrote this bombastic panegyric. I am able, however, to give the assurance that madness in this mild form is not at all alarming. If it were allowable to make the name public Bedlam alone would be the gainer!

I think it is needless to reply to such trivialities as are contained in the foregoing extract, because it is a useless as well as a thankless task to discuss the nature and properties of colour with the blind. If the critic who was guilty of penning this highfalutin had taken the pains to examine a little more closely into what was going on in Germany, Italy or France, I believe he would have hid his "diminished head" in mortification and shame.

This extract is assuredly a masterpiece of criticism. The village-dweller who has never seen the city is not to be convinced that he can find there a cathedral more monumental in its proportions than his own little parish Bethel. Nor is it likely, he thinks, that he will find the town hall of the city at all comparable in magnificence with his own borough council house, or even the boulevard exceed in grandeur his village High Street.

I shall not pause here to attempt to convince persons who entertain such notions as these. I shall simply content myself by singling out for remark and criticism a few of the prejudices (and verily they are numerous enough) entertained with respect to musical matters.

In the first place, there is a belief fostered in some quarters that because a man is a German he must necessarily be a musician. If it be allowed that Germany contains some musicians, surely the concession cannot be accepted as being equivalent to saying that all Germans are musicians, any more than all Englishmen are sportsmen, seamen or pick-pockets. All the contemporaries of Raphael were not painters. Relying, however, on this transparent sophism, many educational establishments believe it to be compulsory on their part to engage a German governess to teach music to the beginners. For the most part I pity those unfortunate beginners!

A professor of singing who estimates himself at his true worth ought assuredly to call himself "Signor." That is the reason why we see so many *signori* springing up around us who, as a rule, know as much about singing as the German governesses know about music. Indeed, the trick of the profession consists not in being a professor, but in being an Italian.

For example, I put this question to one of them: "What is your profession?"

"Italian."

"And where were you born?"

"In Belgium."

The majority of people also believe that they may confidently admire all that is denominated classic, and that aught else is unworthy of being listened to. I have more than once given myself the malicious pleasure of adorning some insignificant morsel of music with the name of sonata. It was listened to religiously, admired without stint, and applauded to the uttermost. This infatuation for classic music, the signification of which most people are as a rule ignorant, is a prejudice against which it is necessary to have the courage to make war. Admire everything that is admirable in music without first asking its name. Three-fourths of so-called classic music, which, after all, arouses but a conventional enthusiasm, are merely theorems, ravings, and a colloquation of wearisome and trashy notes. One can only style the admirers of such things ignorant persons who fritter away their time in admiration of the ridiculous, and who allow the real beauties to escape them.

Nothing is more natural than that any one should grow enthusiastic over the symphonies of Beethoven, Haydn, and Mendelssohn; but apart from that nothing is more instructive than to observe the sleepy faces to be seen at the chamber concerts. Not one of the auditors would have the courage and the honesty to admit that he was wearied by what he listened to. Now, ladies, admit the soft impeachment without fear, for, believe me, as a rule those who produce these diffuse quartettes and this kind of music in general are the only persons who extract any amusement from it. When I am personally engaged in this sort of music, I become interested in it to such an extent that I could continue playing all the evening. It exercises upon me the same fascination which the pack of cards does upon the gambler in the hours before dawn is descried creeping from the east. But when I have simply to listen to music of this description I fear I am guilty, after the first quarter of an hour, of some uneasy yawnings and foolish longings to betake myself to bed.

There is another more serious prejudice which I venture to wage war against, not on the score of gallantry, but on the score of justice. It is the prejudice which attaches to the teaching of women.

I have already dealt with the subject in my plea in favour of the emancipation of women, and I again return to the question here.

There are two classes of women among the music teachers. First, there is the lady instructress. She is usually a young person who has carried off a prize in some school of music. Then there is the person who, without previous preparation, turns professor through stress of fortune. Alas! each of these classes has unfortunately contributed to the lowering of their sex in the matter of teaching. But there are also those who have undergone long and serious training, who have really learned their business, and who are, in short, musicians. These teachers are better than the masters; they are more conscientious and turn out excellent pupils. Pray observe, however, that their number is few, and that the first-named class preponderate in number.

When a lady teacher is proposed for English young ladies they at once tell you that they "prefer a master." The difference in this case, however, is simply in the costume, because the masters reckon quite as many incapables in their ranks as the mistresses. The women have not even a fellowship for their sex; they cannot resist the influence of the frock-coat and the pantaloons. It is impossible for the master, however, to have over a young lady pupil the authority which a woman can wield. He may not touch her fingers; the recognized familiar courtesies between professor and pupil in the course of teaching are proscribed, and this, above all, is the case in England. He is held at a ceremonious distance; in certain teaching illustrations he has to exercise a greater reserve than even a difference of sex ought to impose.

There is always a barrier; but the prejudice, the routine, the ghostly enemy whose presence is as permanent among us as infatuation, and which is as profound as human stupidity itself, is very deep-seated and inflicts ravages every hour in Panurge's large flock of sheep.

I shall close this chapter by relating some absurdities that I have heard.

Miss F., who is the owner of one of the best educational establishments in London, told me one day that a lady, in bringing her daughter to her establishment, insisted that the young lady should receive singing lessons from a certain professor, whom I shall indicate as O. F.

"Impossible," replied Miss F. "I shall never permit O. F. to give lessons at my house."

"Why not?" inquired the lady, somewhat uneasily.

"Because I desire to preserve for my establishment the reputation that it has acquired, and because O. F. is not a competent enough musician to warrant my enrolling him among my professors."

"Is that all?" rejoined the reassured mother; "I care not of whom my daughter learns music; I desire only that she should know how to sing."

A certain F. S. asserted that music publishers are always careful to buy up the pretty portions of part compositions which they publish, in order to sell them separately.

A young lady to whom it was remarked that singers never allowed a day to pass without running over the scale, exclaimed, "That is the reason why they never have a sweet voice!"

A lady, in Spring Grove, assured me that in order to transpose well it was necessary to learn the piece by heart, then to re-write it in another key without music.

I spare you the others because they are too absurd.

(To be continued.)

Gainsborough.

WHENEVER Gainsborough listened to any eminent musicians he was immediately possessed by the boyish illusion that he could himself reproduce the excellence of the performance if only he could purchase the instrument. In this way he bought Giardini's violin and Abel's viol-d-gamba; at another time he was fascinated by Fischer's hautboy and Crosdill's violoncello; and finally, having seen a lute in a picture by Vandyck, he cast about until he discovered a German professor who owned such an instrument, when, according to his biographer, the following amusing scene took place. Bursting in upon the professor, who was quietly smoking his pipe, the impetuous artist thus accosts him:—

"I have come to buy your lute. Name your price and I will pay it."

"I cannot sell my lute."

"Not for a guinea or two perhaps; but you must sell at some price, and so I tell you."

"My lute is worth much money—ten guineas."

"Indeed it is—quite that; see, here is your money. Good-day."

Scarcely, however, had the painter quitted the room when he was back again.

"I have forgotten something. What is your lute to me if I have not your book of airs?"

"Oh, Master Gainsborough, I cannot part with my book."

"Nonsense. You can make another at any time. See, here is the book I want, and here's another ten guineas for it."

The transaction seemed now complete; but at the last moment it would seem suddenly to have occurred to Gainsborough that he did not know how to play upon the lute. He accordingly returns once more.

"Dear me! What is the use of your book to me if I don't understand it, or of your lute if I cannot play upon it? Come home with me at once, and give me the first lesson."

"I will come to-morrow."

"Come now."

"I must dress."

"You are admirably dressed."

"I must shave."

"I honour your beard."

"I must, however, put on my wig."

"Confound your wig! Your cap and beard become you well enough. Do you think if Vandyck wanted to paint you he'd let you be shaved? Come at once."

And so the poor professor was dragged off, and all earlier musical passions forgotten in the new enthusiasm for the lute.

The Royal Society of Musicians

AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY kind permission of the Very Rev. the Dean, the Royal Society of Musicians was enabled on the evening of the 9th ult. to hold a special musical festival in the Abbey. This proof of the interest taken by the authorities of Westminster in the society has happily many precedents. The funds of the institution profited by the festival in commemoration of Handel in 1785, and by the subsequent meetings in 1786 and 1787, to the extent of £16,000, while the directors of the festival in 1834 handed over to the society the sum of £2,250. At the request of the committee Dr. Bradley granted last year the use of the sacred edifice, and a renewal of the favour enabled them to carry out the festival yesterday in a successful manner. The occasion, however, did not afford any comparison, either from an artistic or financial point of view, with the Handel festivals held in the same place in former years. Indeed, it will be long before the society meets with a patron like unto Handel, who, living or dead, has proved a never-failing source of aid. So great was the interest taken by him in the benevolent scheme, that he not only played and composed for its advancement, but also bequeathed to it a legacy of £1,000. For a long time the "Messiah" was performed at the annual concert of the society, but last year the "Dettingen Te Deum" took its place. In this year's programme (December 9), however, Handel's venerated name was not to be found. The omission leads one to conclude that the managers are losing faith in the attractive power of his music. They should be reminded, however, that the "Messiah," if performed in the Abbey in a thoroughly complete and efficient manner, would appeal to the assembly with a power far exceeding that of any other work. Apart from the special claims of Handel, it would be unreasonable—nay, unjustifiable—to take exception to the music selected. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" formed the first and most important number of the programme, and those present who had not previously heard it performed in a cathedral could scarcely have been prepared for effects so entrancing. The instrumental movements, especially the adagio religioso, admirably played, made a deep impression upon the auditors, whose interest during the entire work never for a moment relaxed. Mr. Harper Kearton's rich tones were heard to advantage in the tenor solos, and the chorists gave general satisfaction. Examples of still more modern music were not wanting. Miss Annie Marriott sang the solo, "From Thy Love as a Father" (Gounod's "Redemption") in excellent style and with fervid expression, the attendant chorus being also given with effect. Another interesting feature was the "Hymn to the Creator," composed by Dr. Bridge, organist of the Abbey, for the Worcester Festival of 1884. The work received ample attention at the time of its first performance, and here there is only need to place on record a further proof of its excellent artistic qualities. Miss Annie Marriott took the solo part in this also. What may be called the "worship music" of the occasion may, of course, pass without remark, but a word of hearty praise must be given to the finished and tasteful organ playing of Mr. C. S. Jekyll, of the Chapel Royal, St. James's, the effective work done by the orchestra, and the intelligent direction of Dr. Bridge. The devotional parts of the service were conducted by the Rev. Flood Jones, Precentor.

Accidentals.

CHOPIN'S "Prelude," No. 15, in D flat is probably known to every pianist, and so to a certain extent is its history. Mme. George Sand in the "Histoire de ma Vie" has told the story how, when she and Chopin were living in Majorca, she one day went for a walk and was caught in the rain, and how Chopin in a sort of clairvoyant state had listened to the raindrops, and imagined they were falling on his face as he lay at the bottom of the sea, drowned. It was during this trance that he wrote the "Prelude" in question, and one of his Polish critics declares that the patter of the raindrops is duly marked in the music.

INDIAN Blind Man's Buff would be a novelty for the youngsters during the Christmas holidays. The game was played before the Viceroy during his recent visit to a native potentate, and caused much amusement. Instead of a single blind man, all the players were blindfolded, except the one to be caught, who wore bells on his feet, and endeavoured to elude his would-be captors without ringing the bells which betrayed his presence.

THERE was, says a contemporary, a black specimen of the crossing sweeper genus in St. Paul's Churchyard, who had his neat villa residence in the suburbs, whither he would retire of an evening, and solace himself by playing sacred tunes on a flute.

GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC.—On Thursday, the 9th ult., the new school built in Whitefriars, at the back of Sion College, on the Thames Embankment, was formally opened by the Lord Mayor. The architect is Sir Horace Jones, and the Corporation of London have spent about £25,000 on the building and furnishing. The new school is certainly more than twice as large as any musical academy in Europe. It has forty-two classrooms, besides a concert-room and various offices, and it will accommodate nearly 3000 pupils, the average number of lessons of which the institution is now capable approaching 9000 per week. The school was first opened in September 1880, with sixty-two students, but it rapidly grew. In May 1881, there were 614 pupils, and the number now exceeds 2500, while hundreds are excluded for want of room in the old premises. These students are trained for home and not for professional life (although about a dozen, among the thousands who have passed through, have since adopted a public career); and with its fine list of nearly 100 professors (who receive in the aggregate nearly £25,000 per annum) the institution can be said to have done nothing but good to the profession proper, although, of course, it may have harmed the suburban advertising professional element, which has long since been proved incompetent for the work. The extraordinary success of the Guildhall School, which has grown with a rapidity as to astonish even its original promoters, is due largely to the ability and tact of Mr. H. Weist Hill, who has held the post of Principal since its foundation.

AT the Worcester Festival next year, Mr. W. Done, who has conducted since 1884, will relinquish part of his duties to Mr. C. Lee Williams, of Gloucester. Mr. Cowen's oratorio, "Ruth," will be the chief novelty.

"I HAVE received a private letter from New York," says Truth, "giving an account of the arrival there of Mme. Patti. The *Umbria* had a very stormy passage, and Mme. Patti suffered terribly from seasickness. She was hardly once able to leave her state room, and a concert organized on board for the benefit of the Seaman's Orphanage had to be abandoned as the 'diva,' Mme. Scalchi, Guille, the tenor, Galassi, and Arditti were all ill. The *Umbria* was met, early in the morning of arrival, by the steamer *Laura*—M. Starin, and a numerous party of gentlemen, who had sat up all night in Mr. Abbey's office. Only one man had attempted to go to sleep, and it is said he dreamed that somebody had filled his hat with Apollinaris water, and woke up to find it true. The great vocalist was, on leaving the *Umbria*, immediately interviewed. Among the facts elicited were that she now preferred to be called Mme. Patti-Nicolini; that her new costume in 'Faust' is modelled on one that Miss Ellen Terry wears; and that

she drinks no coffee, wine, or any kind of intoxicants, as she feels sure they injure the voice—an expression of opinion which will probably be appreciated by teetotallers. Her reception in America has been a royal one, and it looks as though her impresario will make a considerable profit, as her first performance netted above two thousand pounds."

AN American firm of speculators in *prima donnas*—if one may be allowed to put it so—has lost Mme. Marie Roze in a fog. A brisk bidding for the famous singer was going on some time ago between Messrs. Pond and Allen, of New York, and Mr. Carl Rosa. The Americans outbid Mr. Rosa, and a stipulation was made that she should engage with them for the coming season if they deposited £5000 before twelve o'clock on the 30th of November. Twelve o'clock struck, and there were no signs of the Americans. Mr. Rosa at once claimed and obtained a new contract with Mme. Roze. Hardly was the ink dry on the paper when a telegram arrived from Messrs. Pond and Allen. It stated that they had been detained at sea by a fog, but were now ready to deposit the money. Mr. Rosa had been too quick for them, however.

PRINCESS CHRISTIAN assisted, on the 9th ult., at a people's concert given by the Windsor and Eton Amateur Madrigal Society at the Albert Institute.

Two concerts were given on Saturday, the 4th ult., at the Grosvenor Hotel by the Children's Toy Orchestra. There was a large attendance at the afternoon performance, but the evening entertainment had a still larger audience, her Royal Highness Princess Mary Adelaide having signified her intention of being present. The large coffee-room had been arranged for the concert, an orchestra being erected at the end of the room. Her Royal Highness arrived soon after nine o'clock. The performers, at a signal from Mr. Percy Armytage, at once struck up the National Anthem, while two of the youngest children presented bouquets to the Princess and her daughter. The concert began with the overture to "Masaniello," followed by various pieces specially arranged for these toy instruments. Two of Mr. Steadman's choir sang solos during the evening, and the children's voices formed a charming chorus to one or two of their songs, which were warmly encored. The Princess expressed her great pleasure at the performance, and Mr. Armytage was heartily congratulated on the proficiency of his juvenile orchestra. The proceeds of the concert will be given to the Young Men's Club and Institute in St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and to Miss Leigh's Orphanage in Paris.

THE Queen has notified to Mr. Carl Rosa that she will take a box at Drury Lane Theatre for next year's opera season.

MR. CHARLES HALLE, the well-known pianist and musical director, has been confined to his bed at his residence in Manchester, by an attack of pleurisy and congestion of the lungs, resulting from a cold caught whilst taking part in a concert at Bradford.

MME. SELINA DOLARO, whose recent benefit in New York was so liberally supported by her fellow-artists, English and American, will not, we deeply regret to hear, be able to sing again in public; indeed, it is doubtful if she will be able to appear on the stage. The whole of one of her lungs is seriously affected, and residence in a warmer climate will be absolutely necessary.

MR. CARL ROSA—and not, as has been erroneously announced, Mr. McGuckin—bought the stage costumes and paraphernalia belonging to the late Mr. Maas.

THE monument to Maas, for which a public subscription was got up, is about to be placed in position. The subscribers will be surprised to hear that the article was purchased in Italy.

ALTHOUGH certainly no details are known to have been settled in this country, there is good reason to believe that Dr. Von Bülow not only proposes to visit England next summer, but also possibly to bring an orchestra with him.

WHEN Miss Minnie Hauk sang at Tin Cup, Ariz., twelve Apache chiefs retired behind the theatre after the entertainment and drew lots to see who should marry her. Minnie escaped. So did the Apache chiefs.

THE ecclesiastical authorities of Silesia are debating whether the clergy of the province should not be required to study music. It is found that musical knowledge is not usually their forte, and that Church service suffers as a consequence. Candidates for the clerical office are to state to what extent they have attended to their musical culture, and in case they have overlooked music altogether they are to give the reason why.

M. ISIDORE DE LARA, Signor Tosti, and a bright choir of young girls dressed in white, recently drew a crowded Steinway Hall. The character of De Lara's song recitals is by this time very well known, and he seemed to find unbounded acceptance with the fair sex, who crowded every available inch of room upstairs and down. The brandy and macaroon sentiment—the "utter" languish and the simmering passion of the modern drawing-room song—is all very well in moderation, and it is probably M. de Lara's ideal, as it certainly is the style in which he succeeds best. But we are glad to say the programme was tempered with a serious "Ave" (Marchetti), sung by the young ladies; and another "chorus," "The Secret," bearing the grave name of Hiller. The excitement, needless to say, turned wholly on De Lara, accompanied by Tosti, who sang, among other languorous ditties, a suite of Tosti's, the last of which, "Pepita," a quaint, old-fashioned song, won a hearty encore.

As a rule, when a man who has been lamented as dead writes to the newspapers to deny it, it is acknowledged that there must have been some mistake. But the father of Mr. Clark Russell, the novelist, having found it necessary to contradict "his death," is being pooh-poohed as a man who does not know what he is talking about. Mr. Russell the elder is the well-known author and composer of many songs, and he has come out of his retirement at Boulogne to publish a jubilee song called "Our Empress-Queen." What is the result? His publishers, Messrs. Weekes & Co., "get letters by every post declaring that Henry Russell has been dead for years." Some of the correspondents are sufficiently generous to allow that the new song may be his. But it is a posthumous work—a recollection of melodies of days gone by. And yet Mr. Russell insists that he is in excellent health!

OF the music of the Chinese, M. Fétis, the author of the "Histoire Générale de la Musique," had a very low opinion. A scale of five notes to the octave, melodies without charm, absolute ignorance of harmony, and the abuse of noise; such, he says, is the music of the Chinese.

ONE night at the theatre Rossini was sitting in the orchestra playing the accompaniment of a singer who was a very influential person there, but a remarkably bad *prima donna*. Her execution of one of the florid passages was so atrocious that young Rossini burst into a fit of laughter, in which he was joined by the whole audience. The *prima donna* was furious, and complained bitterly to the proprietor of the theatre, the Marchese Cavelli, with whom she was a considerable favourite. He summoned the boy to his presence, and loaded him with reproaches for his impudence. Rossini's answer was—"Ornatissimo Marchese, you have your reasons for taking the part of your *prima donna*, and, in my quality as a refined musician, I had mine for laughing at her this evening. All the cannon on earth levelled at me could not have prevented it. Truly, now, could you have contained yourself had you heard her sing like this?" Whereupon Rossini made so perfect an imitation of the lady's voice and style that Cavelli shouted with laughter. He saw at once that he had before him some one who was more than an accompanist at 3s. 4d. a night, so he ended the conversation with—"Well, when thou thinkest thyself capable of writing operas, let me know. I promise thee a libretto and an engagement." A promise he kept by giving him the commission to write an opera buffa for the San Mosé Theatre, Venice.

COMPOSERS were under a contract to write the music for any libretto that the manager chose to give. Rossini had the misfortune to make an enemy of the manager at San Mosé, who bullied the young man, and ended by

saying that he would give him a bad libretto, and then have the music hissed. Rossini made no answer, but quickly resolved to circumvent the manager's treachery. In due course the bad libretto arrived, to which Rossini composed the music. The night for the representation of *I Due Bruschini* arrived. A crowd filled the theatre: some fully aware of the composer's intentions, others, poor things, having travelled miles to hear music by the most brilliant young musician of the day.

Rossini's huge joke commenced with the overture, the second violinists solemnly striking the tin candle-holders on their desks with their bows at the first beat of every bar.

Those who were in the plot began to laugh, the others began to murmur. The curtain rose, and the pranks went on. Farcical words were set to funeral music, and the comic music to serious words. The artist with the heaviest voice had to warble like a nightingale. The soprano had only the lowest notes; the basso-profundo had the highest. For the buffo, Raffanelli, Rossini had composed the most delicate and exquisite phrases; and to show his vocal qualities off to the greatest advantage, he had him accompanied only with the pizzicati of the quartet. Finally, he had so disposed the entries of the voices in "Padre mio, son pentito" ("My father, I am penitent"), that nothing was heard but "tito, tito, tito," and the audience, in fits of laughter, repeated the refrain, "tito, tito, tito."

THE following interesting and characteristic letter from Boileau has been recently added to the Louvre collection of manuscripts. It is addressed to a lawyer at Lyons, M. Brossette, and bears date the 29th of July, 1700. "You must permit me, my dear sir," writes Boileau, "to abuse, as is my custom, your goodness, and reply with Spartan brevity to your long but most agreeable letters: though long they seem to me to be all too short. I thank you for your kindness in adding my name to your charitable lottery. Please be so good as to send round without delay for my subscription. Once that is paid I shall forget ever having had the money in my purse, and I shall say with Catullus, 'Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas,' if, indeed, one can consider as lost what is given to God and to men. I am delighted beyond measure at the account you give me of your academic meeting, and I await with no small amount of impatience the poem on 'Music,' which if it at all equals in merit the verses I have already seen from the same pen cannot but be excellent. Pray present my compliments to all our illustrious colleagues, and assure them that it is in the hope of being so fortunate as to find readers such as themselves that I offer my writings *doliturus si placeant speletur nostra*. I may mention that a new edition of my works will very shortly appear. As soon as the tedious band of printers shall have finished with it I shall be proud to present you with a copy if, that is to say, you will do me the honour to accept it. Adieu, my dear sir; forgive my laconicism; attribute it, I beg of you, rather to the multiplicitous affairs with which I am burdened than to any other reason.—Votre très humble et obéissant serviteur, DESPREAUX."

Foreign Notes.

CARL GOLDMARK's new opera, "Merlin," was produced at the Vienna Opera on the 19th ult. with great success.

BIZET's opera "Les Pêcheurs de Perles" has recently been performed, for the first time in Germany, at Coburg, and has created a furore.

ANOTHER six weeks for "The Mikado" in Berlin, this time at Kroll's Theatre. The Germans seem actually to prefer Sullivan to Suppé.

THERE is to be an interesting revival of an old oratorio at the Singakademie in Berlin. The work is on the "Seven Last Words," and is by Henry Schütz, who was born in 1585 and died in 1672.

HERR ERNST FRANK, the conductor of the Opera at Hanover, has just completed an opera on the subject of Shakespeare's "Tempest," which is to be produced at Hanover in the course of the season.

A REVIVAL of "La Belle Hélène" at the Variétés is drawing good houses. The charm of the sprightly, seductive music is as fresh as ever, and Mme. Judic a delicious heroine, though her style is somewhat too delicate for the broad buffoonery in which Mlle. Schneider revelled. MM. Dupuis, Baron, Léonce, and the rest, most of them in the rôles they created, are capital, and Parisians are flocking to renew their old souvenirs of poor Offenbach's favourite work.

M. SALVAYRE's new opera "Egmont" has been produced with much apparent success at the Paris Opéra Comique. The work was originally composed for the Grand Opéra, but the death of the director, M. Vaucorbeil, and the acceptance by his successors of a work based on a similar subject, Sardou's "Patrie," necessitated the withdrawal of "Egmont." The book by M. Albert Wolff is said to be a skilful adaptation of Goethe's tragedy, and the music is spoken of in high terms, particularly the last act. M. Salvayre's "Stabat Mater," performed at one of Mme. Viard Louis's concerts, is the only work of importance we have heard from his pen in London.

"LA PATRIE," M. Sardou's play adapted to operatic music, was heard by the Parisian public on Tuesday the 14th ult. at a full-dress rehearsal, to which every one admitted paid for his place. The money so collected went to the fund for the sufferers from the inundations in the south. The play is very scenic and highly spectacular, but it is questionable if it will be a success, because it wants as a whole the soul of music. There are many changes in the original drama, in which the patriotic chord is highly strung—a chord, by-the-by, too greatly harped upon of late by knaves and vain fools to find responsive echoes. The Donna Rafael's procession is scenic. She is the daughter of the Duc d'Alba, and, like Queen Philippa at Calais, comes to crave for the prisoner La Tremouille, who has been taken by the Spaniards, to be spared. Her intervention affords the Frenchman an opportunity to fall in love with her and she with him. The Flemings chant the Hallelujah Chorus, and M. Lassalle as Rysoos, the patriotic Flemish nobleman, delivers a lamentation on his lost honour, and calls upon his fellow-citizens to struggle on for national freedom. In the second act Mme. Krauss, as Dolores, comes forward. Her acting is superb and her voice still fine. The novelty of this act is the dancing of the "Pavane," an old-fashioned dance revived this season in the salons. It is danced in the Duke of Alba's Palace by the handsomest types of the different peoples conquered by the Spaniards. All the rest passes as in M. Sardou's drama from which the libretto is borrowed.

GLOWING accounts of the fresh triumphs recently achieved by Mme. Christine Nilsson at Antwerp reach us from that city. On the 27th and 29th of November the gifted Swedish songstress gave two concerts in the great hall of the Royal Harmonic Society, which was thronged upon each occasion by audiences 5000 strong, a number exceeding by one-fifth that the admission of which is authorized by the society's regulations. All rules and prescriptions appear to have been set aside in deference to the overwhelming demand of the Antwerpian public for tickets entitling them to participate in the musical treat offered to them by Mme. Nilsson's programme. Not only the great hall itself was crowded to excess, but the staircases and approaches to it were blocked by masses of music-lovers who had paid for seats which they were not destined to occupy. Mme. Nilsson was received with enthusiastic cordiality, and recalled five or six times at the conclusion of each of her soli. The leading musical critics of Antwerp, one and all declare that since they were last called upon to pronounce judgment upon her vocal performances, ten years ago, her voice has manifestly improved in quality. Amongst the morceaux rendered by the eminent prima donna were the grand scena in the last act of the "Trovatore," the jewel-song in "Faust," Es's Dream ("Lohengrin"), Beethoven's "Ah, perfido," and Rossini's "Bel Raggio," ("Semiramide"), as well as two of the Swedish popular melodies which she interprets in an inimitable, nay, unique manner. Every song she sang was rapturously encored, and Mme. Nilsson displayed her customary amiability in yielding to the exactions of an audience fairly carried away by the charm of her admirable vocalization.

How Composers Create.

A SHORT time since Erbach told his readers by what particular influences composers are impelled to write. A Hamburg paper gives only a few of the cases he mentions.

Chopin, that genial poet on the piano, was affected in an extraordinary degree by the weather. With a blue sky and streaming sunshine, he produced those brilliant and fiery tone-poems which caused his friend and admirer, Robert Schumann, to remark, "Chopin is, after all, the boldest and proudest genius of our time." When the sky was overcast, on still autumnal days, when nought was heard save the rustling of the leaves as they fell slowly from the trees, he wrote his melancholy "Notturmi."

On one occasion he returned home on a fearfully tempestuous night from a brilliant ball. His imagination was powerfully affected by the contrast between the luxurious festivity and the wild turmoil of the elements, and he threw off the Grandiose Polonaise in A flat major, which faithfully reproduces the double phase of feeling; in the first part, glitter and proud jubilation, while in the middle movement we fancy we hear a group of Uhlans on the desolate steppe as, with clattering hoofs, their horses dash forward through the nocturnal storm. The composer's fancy was worked up to such a pitch that, while he was playing the polonaise at night, he suddenly saw in a vision the door fly open and a proud gathering of Polish knights and noble ladies in the national costume pass, two and two, with the stately polonaise step through the room. As a general rule, natural phenomena strongly affect artists. In his very interesting "Autobiography" Ludwig Spohr informs us that his best ideas struck him at fires and such-like events. Thus he was in Vienna on one occasion when there was an inundation. The water had already forced its way as far as the second-floor of the house in which he occupied the third, but no one could prevail upon him to leave his quarters, because, at the sight of the advancing masses of water, he had been inspired with the leading idea of one of his most beautiful symphonies and wanted to write it down before quitting the place. Just in the same manner, great sorrow strongly excited his powers of imagination. When his wife was dying and his heart was breaking with grief, the sweetest and purest melodies kept coursing through his brain, and he could not help quickly fixing them on paper.

Quite different was it with Rossini, the joyous Epicurean, who went himself to market to purchase for his table the best and most delicate of everything. He derived inspiration from dinner, from dainties and champagne, from beautiful and richly dressed women, from merry and witty conversation. After a luxurious repast he retired to his study and filled sheet upon sheet of music-paper, without stopping or hesitating, with the most brilliant suggestions of his genius, which flowed on in a broad and inexhaustible stream when cheerfulness, brightness, and the full enjoyment of life smiled on him. In misfortune and sorrow, face to face with the night-side of nature, his genius would have been dumb. Meyerbeer was as unlike him as possible in his mode of production. Endowed with an extraordinary comprehension of art, the brilliant eclectic sought for his most powerful effects with subtle refinement. A splendid pianist, he sat for hours at the piano—without which he could not have composed—experimenting, feeling his way and altering, till he found the wished-for melody, which he then, and not till then, wrote down.

"For me there is nothing more wearisome and unsympathetic than the manner in which Meyerbeer puts together his operas," said Richard Wagner. Nevertheless, very effective works resulted from this mode of proceeding, even though Meyerbeer's music is not unjustly accused of straining after effect. Halévy, the composer of "La Juive," could work only by the hissing noise of a tea-kettle full of boiling water. His two sisters, who were tenderly careful of him, displayed the greatest anxiety lest during the time he was writing the fire under the kettle should go out, for his fancy ceased with the cessation of the regular bubbling of the water and of the steam issuing from it.

Spontini, the author of "Ferdinand Cortez," worked with all sorts of helps. When composing he was always surrounded by a large number of scientific books on his art, and these he constantly consulted.

Notices of New Music.

London Publishing Agency.

"Six Songs," by Erskine Allon.

These songs are to words by Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542), and the composer has very successfully caught the spirit of old world gallantry that breathes in them.

Also, "The Voice; musically and medically considered," by Dr. Armand Sempel (Baillière, Tindal and Co.). This work is divided into two parts, musical and medical, the first consisting of a description of the vocal organs in the male and female, with shrewd hints as to the method of production, &c., the second being devoted to a more medical disquisition on the care of the larynx and the diseases to which it is subject. Another work, full of information and very cheap, is "The Musical Student's Manual," by Thomas Murby, (T. Murby, Ludgate Circus), being a guide to reading vocal music, and an easy text-book of the elements of musical science.

Messrs. Harris and Co., Liverpool St.

"Three hundred fathoms down," by Frank Lover, is a spirited and effective song. "The Silver Chimes Polka," by Frank Butler, and "The Thespian King Polka" (dedicated to Henry Irving), by Millard Bach, are tanelful specimens of a dance measure that appears to be coming into fashion again; the latter is really pretty and very danceable. "Nelly," by C. E. Brookman, is a very weak composition indeed. "On 'Change' March," by Charles Harris, should be popular; it has just the right swing and "go" about it. "Erin, arouse thee," and "The Irish Marseillaise," music by Victor Bede, are patriotic songs dealing with the Irish difficulty, though from opposite points of view—but oddly enough the same tune serves for both. Two other versions of "Erin, arouse thee," the one by H. Laurence Harris (disfigured by an atrocious frontispiece), the other by George Parker, are both of them of very fair quality. "Good-bye, Good-bye, Beloved," by Charles Vincent, is a song about a knight and a lady in olden times, which no doubt will please the romantically inclined. "The Short and the Long of it," by William Platt, dedicated to all married men, will make a capital after-dinner song. "Our Favourite Jockey" is very poor music-hall stuff.

Musical Notes and News.

CHORAL COMPETITION AT BLUNDELL'S SCHOOL, TIVERTON.—The reputation which Blundell's School has always had for the thoroughness of the education given has been manifestly increased since the removal of the school to the new buildings at Horsdon. The growing reputation of the school has attracted an increasing number of boys, to provide for whose accommodation boarding houses have been erected. With the erection of these houses there has grown up among the boys a feeling of rivalry in everything, except in loyalty to Blundell's, in which feeling all the houses are united. This rivalry exists in all public schools, and finds a vent in competitions of various kinds. In most schools these competitions are confined exclusively to excellence in physical exercises; in some few instances the literary and scholastic attainments of the houses are brought into comparison, and Blundell's has inaugurated a house competition in that most pleasing of all accomplishments—vocal music. The claims of physical education are by no means subordinated to ordinary scholastic work, but the boys at Blundell's are taught to take delight in exercises that call into activity the higher and nobler faculties of the mind, as well as to delight in those outdoor sports in which it is the pride of all Englishmen to excel.

Competitive choral singing is one of those things to which the average Englishman is not accustomed; he looks upon it as a somewhat undesirable innovation. In the Principality of Wales, however, these competitions are the rule rather than the exception, and leading English musicians—notably, Mr. Henry Leslie and Mr. Joseph Barby (Music Master at Eton)—have shown their practical appreciation of the Cwymraeg system of competition by fostering its adoption in England. Mr. Henry Leslie, since his retirement from active professional life, has started a local school of music at Oswestry, which has had a remarkably successful career. The idea with which this school was started was to provide a means of teaching those who were unable to pay professional fees for individual instruction, the rudiments of vocal music, and the practice of choral singing. An institution such as this is unnecessary at Blundell's; but the founding of such in provincial towns would do a great deal for the cultivation of singing, and raising the standard of English national music. The principle of choral competitions having been introduced into Tiverton, its extension may certainly be looked for.

The choral competition at Blundell's came off on Monday, November 1, in the Upper Schoolroom. Mr. Lewis Mackenzie, an old Blundellian, officiated as adjudicator, in which task he was assisted by Mr. F. S. Dayman. Five choirs entered, and the piece selected for competition was a part-song—"See the chariot at hand" (William Horsley). Each choir afterward sang a second piece, distinct from that chosen by any of the other choirs.

Mr. Mackenzie in making the award, said it was a sincere pleasure to him, an old Blundellian, to find that music was taking such a prominent part in the pleasures of the boys' lives. He did not undervalue physical exercises, but the time came, and unfortunately it came too soon, when cricket and football would have to be given up, or indulged in only at intervals. By reason of the practice of singing in their younger days the boys were giving themselves a mental training that would be of great value to them in time to come. He had been asked to say that a certain gentleman would on some future occasion, subject to the convenience of the masters, give a prize to the boy who showed the greatest proficiency at sight-singing. Certain conditions would be attached to the prize with a view of making the competition a recurring one. In making the award he had given marks to the different choirs, believing that to be the fairest system. He awarded the prize to No. 4 choir (Redland's) with 945 marks out of a possible 1000. No. 1 (Country) gained 870 marks; No. 3 (Schoolhouse) gained 745; No. 5 (Old House) gained 705, and No. 2 (North Close) gained 700. He did not suppose that this result would please them all, but the singing of the winning choir pleased him best all round, and it gained an additional number of marks for its singing of the second piece, "The Dawn of Day," by Sam Reay, Mus. Bac., formerly organist of St. Peter's, Tiverton.

The prize for the competition—a silver cup—was then handed to the senior boy of Redland's choir by Mrs. Francis, wife of the head-master.

Cheers having been given for Mr. Mackenzie and the winning choir, the company separated.

Music in Dublin.

ARAGE for chamber music, the equal of which could scarcely be found, has suddenly sprung up in our city. Few towns have so many opportunities of hearing such splendid recitals of this, perhaps the highest class of music. The Royal Dublin Society announce twenty-six performances on Monday afternoons, and the Dublin Chamber Music Union have already given four concerts. The Instrumental Club meets every fortnight; at every one of the Saturday Populars there is always at least one string quartette or trio. The Dublin Musical Society announces "Elijah." A performance of the same work was given last month by St. Patrick's Oratorio Society, under the able direction of its talented conductor, Mr. Charles Marchant, Mus. B. The chorus singing was perfection, and the organ accompaniment was the most perfect substitute for an orchestra that we have ever listened to. Mr. Marchant's playing of the overture being magnificent. Mr. Charles Kelly's reading of the title rôle was a most artistic performance. His recitative singing was dramatic and thrilling. He gave the difficult aria "Is not His word" in splendid style, showing admirable scale-singing, tasteful phrasing, and great fire and dash. It is much to be regretted that Mr. Kelly is only to be heard in Dublin, as he certainly would make a marked success in England, where he would have a large field for oratorio-singing. Mr. Sullivan's popular concerts, under the direction of Mr. W. Hurston Collisson, Mus. B., have been a great success, the Leinster Hall being thronged on every Saturday evening with a most appreciative audience.

The programmes almost always consist of very high-class music. Mr. Chillee created a very high impression as to his vocal addition as a tenor, and Mlle. Janson's splendid contralto voice gave great pleasure at the Swedish concert, at which Mlle. Lang's violin playing was the chief feature; she rendered, with Mr. Collisson, the Sonata in F, by Edward Greig, in grand style, and both artists were recalled amidst thunders of applause to bow again and again. Mme. Albani, Mlles. Trebelli and Hope Glenn, with Mr. Carrodus, Messrs. Harley, King, and Bisaccia gave two concerts which were successes in every way but one. The Dublin public have advanced beyond "The Last Rose," "Home, Sweet Home," &c., and it is an insult to offer such programmes to us. It was painful to see such an artist as Mr. Carrodus playing trash instead of good music.

APOLLO.



Puzzle Competition.

THE LEADING LIGHTS IN MUSIC, ART, AND ROMANCE.

On the front page of our Christmas Number, "Music, Art, and Romance," is given a picture in which appears a character sketch of the most celebrated Authors, Artists, Musicians, &c. &c.

A prize of one guinea will be awarded to those who correctly name the numbered portraits. Numbered Lists to be sent to Competition Editor, 60 Old Bailey, E.C., by Jan. 5.

Character Sketch.

A prize of £1 1s. will also be given to the one who sends the best Sketch of the Life of any of the characters figuring in the above-mentioned picture. To be sent in, addressed as above, by Jan. 5.



Poem on the Friendly Arts.

A prize of £1 1s. to the one who sends the best poem on "The Friendly Arts—Music, Painting and Poetry." The poem must not exceed thirty lines in length. To be sent in, addressed as above, by Jan. 5.

Word Competition.

£20 in CASH PRIZES, of £10, £5, £3, £2.

Will be given to the persons forming the greatest number of English words from the fifteen letters contained in the words "MAGAZINE OF MUSIC." The profits from this Competition will be devoted to giving free concerts and a "Robin" dinner to poor children in the East End of London.

Repetitions (i.e., words spelt alike but with different meaning), plurals (unless no singular can be used), abbreviations, obsolete and proper names excepted. Lists of words, numbered and made out alphabetically, to be sent, on or before Jan. 5, with a 1s. entrance fee, addressed as above.

Result will be published in the February number of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, with number of lists received, together with names and addresses of prize-winners, and the amount of money available for the free concerts and a "Robin" dinner. Dictionaries allowed—Nuttall's, Chambers', and Webster's.

Hymn-Tune Competition.

The last of these competitions having closed, we are now able to declare the result. A 10s. 6d. watch was not so tempting a prize as a 70 guinea piano, and so, although the competition was much easier, there were fewer entries than in the Piano Competition. The Hymn Tune Competition has been, however, fairly popular, and our friends will be interested in learning the result.

The prize tunes for September were. "Lux Benigna," "Old Hundred," "Eventide,"

For October,—"Lux Benigna," "Eventide," "Old Hundred,"

For November,—"Lux Benigna," "Old Hundred," "Melita."

We give them in their order of popularity, as declared by the votes, on each occasion.

In the November Competition, the watch was won by Lucy Jarvis, Horsford Road, Brixton.

St. Cecilia Word Competition.

The award of this competition, announced in papers given with some of the Miniature Magazines, was not completed up to the time of going to press, the prizes will, however, be despatched to the winners at once and names given in next issue.

Questions and Answers.

LUCY TESTER.—Many thanks for your charming verses. We have inquired on the subject of the verses mentioned by you, and are informed that the author will give permission for their use on receiving the sum of £5 5s.

L. KENDALL HEYDE.—The printers assure us that special care shall be taken that the disfiguring appearance mentioned by you, which arose from undue hurry in printing, shall not occur again. Thanks for your reminder about violin music. It shall not be forgotten.

M. STEWART.—Mr. W. Shakespeare's address is No. 7 Brompton Square, S.W.

HOPEFUL (Vocalist).—At your age (eighteen) there is no harm whatever in exercising your voice in moderation.

F. J. GLOVER.—We would remind you that the "Twelve Greatest Living Pianists' Competition" was a plebiscite, and the choice of names was simply that of the numerous supporters of this Magazine. The reasons why Liszt's name was allowed have been already given on several occasions; and as it was explicitly mentioned in the numbers for October and November that the name might be included, you cannot surely consider yourself aggrieved if you chose to omit it.

SOLOIST.—Seven-string banjo is the best for solo playing. The books for this instrument may be obtained from Novello.

F. TAYLOR.—Herr Louis Ries, who for many years has played the second violin at the Monday Popular Concerts, is a nephew of Beethoven's pupil Ries. The engraving mentioned is an excellent production.

F. WEXFORD writes:—"May I trouble you to know the composer of a song called 'Yes or No'?" Perhaps some of our friends can give this information.

Owing to pressure upon our space answers to several Questions are necessarily left over.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 33 Paternoster Row. Contributions and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but for the information of the Editor. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamps are sent for that purpose, and no responsibility for safe return can be accepted. We cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore a copy should be retained by the sender.



MADAME ESSIPOFF.

ROMANCE.

FOR

PIANO, AND HARMONIUM.

PIANO.

A. HENSELT.

Lento.

p *cresc.*

f *cresc.* *rit. ad lib.* *p* *a tempo* *pp* *rit.*

a tempo *pp* *cresc.* *rit.* *p* *a tempo* *smorz.*

cresc. *f* *cresc.* *rit. ad lib.* *p* *a tempo*

rit. *pp* *rit.* *pp* *cresc.* *rit.* *smorz.*

ROMANCE.
FOR
PIANO, AND HARMONIUM.

HARMONIUM.

A. HENSELT.

Lento.

① ①
1
① ①
parlando
p
cresc.
f
cresc. rit. ad lib.
p a tempo
rit.
pp espress.
rit.
a tempo
cresc.
p a tempo
rit.
cresc.
f
cresc. rit. ad lib.
p
rit.
pp espress.
pp a tempo
cresc.

"COME, STELLA, COME."

Words by
SHIRLEY WYNNE.

SERENADE.

Music by
A. A. WHITEHORNE.

Allegretto.

p

1. Come, Stel-la, come
2. Come, Stel-la, come

Come, Stel-la come
Come, Stel-la come

The jas-mine o - dours die up - on the air
The night-in - gale sings in the scent-ed pines

The ves-per bell hath ceased its call to prayer,
To one bright star that far a - bove him shines,

The
And

moon as - cends a - bove the mountains fair Come, come,
shows where Ar - no wan - ders midst the vines Come, come,

come, come.....
come, come.....

8.....

un poco più vivo.

Come, Stel - la, come..... Come, Stel - la, come,..... come,
Come, Stel - la, come..... Come, Stel - la, come,..... come,

come, come, come.
come, come, come.

p *sempre con passione.*

3. Day's toil is o'er; This hour to love is giv - en; Shine out my

ritard.

star..... And light the lone - some ev - en And make the dark - some night as

ritard.

light as light as heaven, come,

pp

come, come, come.....

p *pp* *ppp*

TURN THY FACE FROM MY SINS.

119

(PSALM LI. 9. 11 verses.)

ANTHEM FOR S. A. T. B.

"Ictus non Victus"

ANDANTE SEMPLICE.

PIANO.

The piano accompaniment for the first system is written for a grand piano. It features a right-hand melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a left-hand accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

SOP.
Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my mis - deeds

ALT.
Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my mis - deeds

TENOR. gva bassa.
Turn thy face from my sins, and put out all my mis - deeds

BASS.
Turn thy face from my sins, my sins, and put out all my mis - deeds

The piano accompaniment for the second system continues the melody from the first system, with a more complex texture involving sixteenth notes and rests in the right hand.

f
make me a clean heart O God and re - new a right spi - rit with ..

f
make me a clean heart O God and renew a right

f
make me a clean heart O God..... and re - new, re new a right

f
make me a clean heart O God..... and re - new a right

The piano accompaniment for the third system features a more active right-hand melody with frequent sixteenth-note runs, while the left hand maintains a simple harmonic support.

in..... me a right spi - rit with in..... me *f* Cast me not a -

spi - rit with in..... me *f* Cast me

spi - rit with in..... me

spi - rit with in..... me *f* Cast me

way from Thy..... pre - sence and take not Thy

not a - way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy

f Cast me not a - way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy

not a - way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy

ho - ly spi - rit from me Cast me not a - way, a -

ho - ly spi - rit from me Cast me not a - way,..... a -

ho - ly spi - rit from me Cast me not a -

ho - ly spi - rit from me Cast me not a

way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy ho - ly..... spi - rit from *dim.*

way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy ho - ly spi - rit from *dim.*

way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy ho - ly..... spi - rit from *dim.*

way from Thy pre - sence and take not Thy ho - ly..... spi - rit from *dim.*

me
me
me and take not Thy ho - ly spi - rit from
me and take not Thy ho - ly spi - - rit from

p Turn Thy face from my sins and put out all my mis - deeds
p Turn Thy face from my sins and put out all my mis - deeds
p me, from me, Thy ho - ly spi - rit from me
p me.....

ff
Turn Thy face from my sins and put out all my mis-
ff
Turn Thy face from my sins,.... my sins and put out all my mis-
ff
Turn Thy face from my sins,.... my sins and put out all my mis-
ff
Turn Thy face from my sins and put out all my mis-
ff

p
deeds, put out all my mis - deeds.
p
deeds, put out all my mis - deeds.
p
deeds, put out all my mis - deeds.
p
deeds, put out all my mis - deeds.
p (Voices alone ad lib.)
Flute.
p
rall.

HYMN TO CALLIOPE AND APOLLO.



Ancient Greek Air,
with Accompaniment superposed
by J. F. ROWBOTHAM.

AIR.

ᾄ - ει - δε μουῦ - σά μοι φί - λη μολ - πης δ' ἐ - μῆς κατ - ἄρ - χου. αὖ - ρη δὲ σῶν ἀπ'

O sing, dear muse, O sing to me, And list - en to my sing - ing. With balm - y breath from

AIR.

ἀλ - σέ - ων ἐ - μὰς φρέ - νας δο - νεί - τω. Καλ - λι - ό - πει - α σο -

sa - cred grove, Breathe thou up - on my soul. . . . Kal - li - o - pei - a, now

AIR.

φά, μου - σῶν προ - κα - θα - γέ - τι τερπ - νῶν, καὶ σο - φέ μυσ - το - δό -

come, Thou of fair Mus - es the fair - est, Thou, too, of Le - to the

AIR.

τα Λα - τοῖς γόνε Δῆ - λι - ε Παι - ἄν εὖ - με - νεῖς πάρ - εσ - τέ μοι.

son, Thou mys tic mas - ter of De - los, Come ye both with kind in - tent.